

REVENGE

FOR

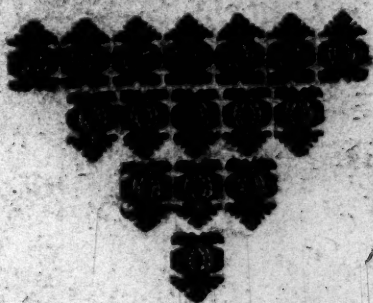
HONOUR.

A

TRAGEDIE,

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



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LONDON,

Printed in the Yeer 1654.

REVENGE

F.O.R.

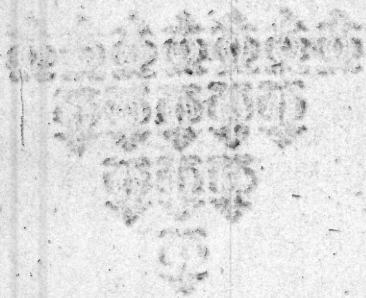
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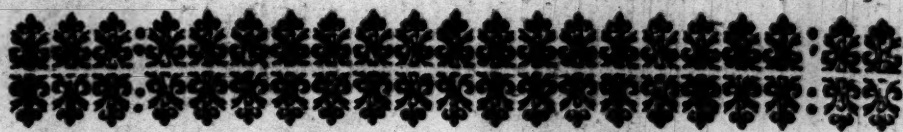
GEORGE CHAPMAN



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## *The Persons Acting.*

*Almanzor* Caliph of Arabia.

*Abilqualit* his eldest Son.

*Abraben* his Son by a second Wife,  
Brother to *Abilqualit*.

*Tarifa* an old General, Conqueror of  
Spain, Tutor to *Abilqualit*.

*Mura* a rough Lord, a Souldier, Kins-  
man by his Mother, to *Abraben*.

*Simanthes* a Court-Lord, allyed to  
*Abraben*.

*Selinthus* an honest, merrie Court  
Lord.

*Mesithes* a Court Eunuch, Attendant  
on *Abilqualit*.

*Osman* a Captain to *Tarifa*.

*Gafelles* another Captain.

*Caropia* Wife to *Mura*, first beloved of  
*Abraben*, then of *Abilqualit*.

*Perilinda* her Woman.

*Souldiers, Guard.*

*Muts, Attendants.*

*Az*

## PROLOGUE.

**O**ur Author thinks 'tis not i<sup>n</sup> the power of Wit,  
Invention, Art, nor Industry, pol<sup>it</sup>ic  
The several phantasies which in this age  
With a predominant humour rule the Stage.  
Some men cry out for Sarc<sup>asm</sup>, others chuse  
Meerly to story to confine each Muse,  
Most like no Play, but such as gives large birth  
To that which they judiciously term mirth.  
Nor wil the best works with their liking crowne,  
Except 't be grac'd with part of splee or clown.  
Hard and severa the task is then to write,  
So as may please each various appetite.  
Our Author hopes w<sup>ell</sup> though, that in this Play,  
He has endeavour'd so, he justly may  
Gain liking from you all, unlesse those few  
Who wil dislike, be't we're so good, so new:  
The rather Gentlemen, he hopes, cause I  
Am a main Actor in this Tragedie:  
You've grac'd me sometimes in another Speare,  
And I do hope you'l not dislike me here.





# REVENGE FOR HONOUR.

## ACTUS PRIMUS. Scena I.

*Enter Selintus, Gaseller, and Osman.*

*Sel.*  
*Gas.*

**N**O murmurings, Noble Captains.  
Murmurings, Cosen?  
this Peace is worse to men of war and action  
then fasting in the face o' th' fo, or lodging

on the cold earth. Give me the Camp, say I,  
where in the Sutlers palace on pay-day  
we may the precious liquor quaff, and kisse  
his buxome wife; who though she be not clad  
in Persian Silks, or costly Tyrian Purples,  
has a clean skin, soft thighs, and wholesome corps,  
fit for the trayler of the puissant Pike,  
to sollace in delight with.

*Of.* Here in your lewd Citie,  
the Harlots do avoid us sons o' th' Sword,  
worse then a severe Officer. Besides,  
here men o' th' Shop can gorge their mustie maws  
with the delicious Capon, and fat limbs  
of Mutton large enough to be held shoulders  
o' th' Ram anconge the Signet, while for pure want  
your souldier oft dines at the charge o' th' dead,  
mong tombs in the great Mosque.

*Sel.* 'Tis beleev'd Coz,  
and by the wisest few too, that i' th' Camp  
you do not feed on pleasant points, as I said,

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and without oyl or vinegar, appeases  
sometimes your guts, although they keep more noise  
then a large pool full of ingendring frogs.

Then for accoutrements, you wear the Buff,  
as you believ'd it heresie to change  
for linnen: Surely most of yours is spent  
in linn, to make long tents for your green wounds  
after an onslaught.

*Gaf. Cox.* these are sad truths,  
incident to fraile mortals!

*Sol.* You yet care  
out with more eagernesse stil for new wars,  
then women for new fashions.

*Of.* 'Tis confels'd,  
Peace is more opposite to my nature, then  
the running ach in the rich Usurers feet,  
when he roars out, as if he were in hel  
before his time. Why, I love mischief, Cox,  
when one may do't securely; to cut throats  
with a licencious pleasure; when good men  
and true o'th Jurie, with their frostie beards  
shall not have power to give the noble wound  
which has the Steele defied, to the hanging mercy  
of the ungracious cord.

*Sol.* Gentlemen both,  
and Cozens mine, I do believe 't much pity,  
to strive to reconvert you from the faith  
you have been bred in: though your large discourse  
and praise, wherein you magnifie your Mistiss,  
Warr, shall scarce drive me from my quiet sheets,  
to sleep upon a turfe. But pray say, Cozens,  
How do you like your General, Prince,  
is he a right Mars?

*Gaf.* As if his Nurse had lapt him  
in swadling clouts of Steele; a very *Hector*  
and *Alcibiades*.

*Sol.* It seems he does not relish  
these boasted sweets of warre: for all his triumphs,  
he is reported melancholy.

*Of.* Want of exercise  
renders all men of actions, dul as dormise;  
your Souldier only can dance to the Drum,  
and sing a Hymn of joy to the sweet Trumpets;  
there's no musick like it.

*Enter*



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*Enter Abraben, Mura, and Simanthes.*

**Ab.** I'll know the cause,  
he shall deny me hardly else.

**Mu.** His melancholy,  
known whence it rises once, 't may much conduce  
to help our purpose.

**Gaf.** Pray Coz. what Lords are these?  
they seem as full of plot, as Generals  
are in Siege, they're very serious.

**Sel.** That young Stripling  
is our great Emperors son, by his last wife:  
that in the rich Imbroidery's, the Court *Hermes*;  
one that has hatcht more projects, then the ovens  
in Egypt chickens; the other, though they call  
friends, his meer opposite Planet *Mars*,  
one that does put on a reserv'd gravitie,  
which some call wisdom, the rough Souldier *Mura*,  
Governour i'th' *Moroccoes*.

**Of.** Him we've heard of  
before: but Cozen, shal that man of trust,  
thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutrements?  
hast thou tane order for them?

**Sel.** Yes, yes, you shal  
flourish in fresh habiliments; but you must  
promise me not to ingage your corporal oaths,  
you will see't satisfied at the next press,  
out of the profits that arise from ransome  
of those rich yeomans heires, that dare not look  
the fierce foe in the face.

**Gaf.** Doubt not our truths,  
though we be given much to contradictions,  
we wil not pawn oaths of that nature.

**Sel.** Wel then, this note does fetch the garments:  
meet me Cozens anon at Supper.

**Of.** Honourable Coz. we wil come give our thanks.

*Exit Gaf. Of.*

*Enter Abilqualis.*

**Ab.** My gracious brother,  
make us not such a stranger to your thoughts,  
to consume all your honors in close retirements;  
perhaps since you from *Spain* return'd a victor,  
with (the worlds conqueror) *Alexander*, you greive  
Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish;  
if't be so, Princely brother, we'll bear part

in.



in your heroique melancholy.

*Abil.* Gentle youth, I still hold my temper  
press me no farther, I still hold my temper  
free and unshaken, only some fond thoughts  
of trivial moment, call my faculties  
to private meditations.

*Sim.* How soe're your Highnesse  
does please to term them, 'tis mere melancholy,  
which next to sin, is the greatest malady  
that can oppress mans soul.

*Sel.* They say right:  
and that your Grace may see what a madnesse  
a very mid-summer frenzy, 'tis to be  
melancholy, for any man that wants no more,  
I (with your pardon) will discourse unto you  
all sorts, all fizes, persons and conditions  
that are infected with it; and the reasons  
why it in each arises.

*Ab.* Learned *Selintus*,  
Let's tast of thy Philosophie.

*Mu.* Pish, 'Tis unwelcome  
to any of judgment, this fond prate:  
I marvel that our Emperor dos permit  
fools to abound ith' Court!

*Sel.* What makes your grave Lordship  
in it, I do beseech you? But Sir, mark me,  
the kernel of the text enucleated  
I shall confute, refute, repel, reject,  
explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish  
like a rush candle, this same heresie,  
that is shot up like a pernicious Mushroom,  
to poison true humanitie.

*Ab.* You shall stay and hear a lecture read  
on your disease; you shall as I love virtue.

*Sel.* First the cause then  
from whence this *status Hypochondriacus*,  
this glimmering of the gizzard (for in wild fowl,  
'tis term'd so by *Hypocrates*) arises,  
is as *Averroes* and *Avicen*,  
with *Abenbucar*, *Baruch* and *Abasli*,  
and all the Arabick writers have affirm'd,  
a meer defect, that is as we interpret, a want of

*Abil.* Of what, *Selintus*?  
*Sel.* Of wit, and please your Highnesse,



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That is the cause in gen<sup>l</sup>ral, for particular and special causes, they are all deriv'd from severall wants; yet they must be considered, pondred, perpended, or premeditated.

*Sim.* My Lord, y<sup>a</sup>d best be brief, your Patient will be wearie else.

*Sel.* I cannot play the fool rightly, I mean, the Physician without I have licence to expaleat on the disease. But (my good Lord) more briefly, I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom and no Physician, who deal all in simples, why men are melancholy. First, for your Courtiers,

*Sim.* It concerns us all to be attentive, Sir.

*Sel.* Your sage and serious Courtier, who does walk with a State face, as he had drest himself ith' Emperors glasse, and had his beard turn'd up by the' irons Roial, he will be as pensive as Stallion after Catum, when he wants suits, begging suits, I mean. Me thinks, (my Lord) you are grown something solemn on the sudden; since your Monopolies and Patents, which made your purse swell like a wet sponge, have been reduc'd to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better to confesse here, then in a worser place. Is it not so indeed?

*Abil.* What ere he does by mine, I'me sure h<sup>a</sup>s hit the cause from whence your grief springs, Lord *Simanthos*.

*Sel.* No *Egyptian* Soothfayer has truer inspirations, then your small Courtiers from causes and wants manifold; as when the Emperors count'nance with propitious noise does not cry chink in poeket, no repute is with Mercer, nor with Tailor; nay sometimes too the humor's pregnant in him, when repulse is given him by a Beautie: I can speak this though from no *Memphian* Priest, or sage *Caldean*, from the best *Mistris* (Gentlemen) an Experience. Last night I had a mind t<sup>a</sup> comly *Semstress*, who did refuse me, and behold, ere since how like an *As* I look.

*Enter Tarifa!*

*Tar.* What, at your Counsels, Lords? the great *Almanzor* requires your presence, *Mura*; has decreed



the Warr for Persia. You (my gracious Lord)  
 Prince *Abilqualet*, are appointed Chief;  
 And you, brave spirited *Abraham*, an Assistant  
 to your victorious Brother: You, Lord *Mura*,  
 destin'd Lieutenant General.

*Abil.* And must I march against the foe, without  
 thy company? I relish not th' employment.

*Tar.* Alas, my Lord,  
*Tarifa's* head's grown white beneath his helmet;  
 and your good Father thought it charity  
 to spare mine age from travel: though this case  
 will be more irksome to me then the toil  
 of war in a sharp winter.

*Abr.* It arrives just to our wish. My gracious brother, I  
 anon shall wait on you: mean time, valiant *Mura*,  
 let us attend my Father. *Re-enter Ab. Mura, Sim.*

*Abil.* Good *Selinhus*,  
 vouchsafe a while your absence, I shall have  
 employment shortly for your trust.

*Sel.* Your Grace shall have as much power to command  
*Selinhus*, as his best fanci'd Mistress, I am your creature. *Exit.*

*Tar.* Now, my Lord,  
 I hope y're cloath'd with all those resolutions  
 that usher glorious minds to brave achievements.  
 The happy genius on your youth attendant  
 declares it built for Victories and Triumphs;  
 and the proud *Persian* Monarchie, the sole  
 emulous opposer of the *Arabique* Greatness,  
 courts (like a fair Bride) your Imperial Arms,  
 waiting t' invest You Sovereign of her beauties.  
 Why are you dull (my Lord)? Your cheerful looks  
 should with a prosp'rous angry presage  
 a certain Victory: when you droop already,  
 as if the foe had revish'd from your Crest  
 the noble Palm. For shame (Sir) be more sprightly;  
 your sad appearance, should they thus behold you,  
 would half unsoul your Army.

*Abil.* 'Tis no matter,  
 Such looks best sute my fortune. Know (*Tarifa*)  
 I'm undispos'd to manage this great Voiage,  
 and must not undertake it.

*Tar.* Must not, Sir!  
 Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose hopes  
 are fixt on marriage, on his bridal night



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should in soft slumbers languish? that your Arms  
should rust in ease, now when you hear the charge,  
and see before you the triumphant Prize  
destin'd to adorn your Valour? You should rather  
be furnish'd with a power above these passions;  
and being invok'd by the mighty charm of Honour,  
flie to atchieve this war, not undertake it.  
I'd rather you had said, *Tarifa* ly'd,  
then utter'd such a sound, harsh and unwelcome.

*Abil.* I know thou lov'st me truly, and durst I  
to any born of woman, speak my intentions,  
the fatal cause which does withdraw my courage  
from this imployment, which like health I covet,  
thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But (*Tarifa*)  
the said discov'ry of it is not fit  
for me to utter, much lesse for thy vertue  
to be acquainted with.

*Tar.* Why (my Lord?)  
my loyaltie can merit no suspicion  
from you of falshood: whatsoever the cause be  
or good, or wicked, 't meets a trustie silence;  
and my best care and honest counsel shall  
indeavour to reclaim, or to assist you  
if it be good, if ill, from your bad purpose.

*Abil.* Why, that I know (*Tarifa*). 'Tis the love  
thou bear'st to honour, renders thee unapt  
to be partaker of those resolutions  
that by compulsion keep me from this Voyage:  
For they with such inevitable sweetnesse  
invade my sense, that though in their performance  
my Fame and Vertue even to death do languish,  
I must attempt, and bring them unto act  
or perish i'th' pursuance.

*Tar.* Heaven avert  
a mischief so prodigious. Though I would not  
with over-sawcie boldnesse presse your counsell;  
yet pardon (Sir) my Loialtie, which timorous  
of your lov'd welfare, must intreat, beseech you  
with ardent love and reverence to disclose  
the hidden cause that can estrange your courage  
from its own *Mars*, with-hold you from this Action  
so much ally'd to honour. Pray reveal it:  
By all your hopes of what you hold most precious,  
I do implore; for my faith in breeding



your youth in warrs great rudiments relieve  
*Tarifa's* fears, that wander into strange  
 unwelcome doubts, lest some ambitious frenzy  
 'gainst your imperial fathers dignitie  
 has late seduc'd your goodness.

*Abr.* No, *Tarifa*,  
 I ne're durst aim at that unholy height  
 in viperous wickednesse; a sinlesse, harmlesse  
 (if it can be truly term'd one) 'tis my soul  
 labours even to dispaire with: 't'faine would out,  
 did not my blushes interdict my language:  
 'tis unchast love, *Tarifa*; nay, tak't all,  
 and when thou hast it, pity my misfortunes,  
 to fair *Caropia*, the chaste, vertuous wife  
 to surly *Mura*.

*Tar.* What a fool Desire is!  
 with Giant strengths it makes us court the knowledg  
 of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,  
 far more inconstant then the air, it fleets  
 into new wishes, that the coveted secret  
 had slept still in oblivion.

*Abil.* I was certaine  
 'twould fright thy innocence, and look to be  
 besieged with strong dissuasions from my purpose:  
 but be assur'd, that I have tir'd my thoughts  
 with all the rules that teach men moral goodnesse,  
 so to reclaime them from this love-sick looseness;  
 but they (like wholesome medicines misapplied)  
 fac'd their best operation, fond and fruitlesse.  
 Though I as wel may hope to kiss the Sun-beams  
 'cause they shine on me, as from her to gaine  
 one glance of comfort; yet my mind, that pities  
 it self with constant tendernesse, must needs  
 revolve the cause of its calamity,  
 and melt i'th' pleasure of so sweet a sadness.

*Tar.* Then y're undone for ever, Sir, undone  
 beyond the help of counsel or repentance.  
 'Tis most ignoble, that a mind unshaken  
 by fear, should by a vain desire be broken;  
 or that those powers no labour e're could vanquish,  
 should be overcome and thral'd by sordid pleasure.  
 Pray (Sir) consider, that in glorious war,  
 which makes Ambition (by base men termed on)  
 a big and gallant Virtue, y've been murr'd,



shall'd (as it were) into your infant sleeps  
by th' surly noise o'th' trumpet, which now summons  
you to victorious use of your indowments:  
and shall a Mistresse stay you! such a one too,  
as to attempt, then war it self's more dangerous!

*Abil.* All these perswasions are to as much purpose,  
as you should strive to reinvest with peace,  
and all the joyes of health and life, a soul  
condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.  
No (my *Tarifa*) though through all disgraces,  
losse of my honour, fame, nay hope for Empire,  
I should be forc'd to wade to obtain her love;  
those seas of mischief would be pleasing streams,  
which I would hast to bath in, and passe through them  
with that delight thou would'st to victory,  
or slaves long chain'd to'th' oare, to sudden freedoms.

*Tar.* Were you not *Abilqualit*, from this time then  
our friendships (like two rivers from one head  
rising) should wander a dissever'd course,  
and never meet againe, unlesse to quarrell.  
Nay, old and stiffe, now as my iron garments,  
were you my son, my sword should teach your wildness  
a swift way to repentance. Y'are my Prince,  
on whom all hopes depend; think on your Father,  
that lively Image of majestick goodness,  
who never yet wrong'd Matron in his lust,  
or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture  
your Father, Countrey, Army, by my mouth  
beseech your pietie to an early pittie  
of your yet unslain Innocence. No attention!  
Farwel: my praiers shall wait you, though my Counsels  
be thus despis'd. Farwel Prince!

*Abil.* 'Las good man, he weeps.  
Such tears I've seen fall from his manly eyes  
once when ye lost a battel. Why should I  
put off my Reason, Valor, Honour, Virtue,  
in hope to gain a Beautie, whose possession  
renders me more incapable of peace,  
then I am now I want it? Like a sweet,  
much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner tasted,  
but it's delicious luxury's forgotten.  
Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,  
there is no law, but what's prescribed by Love,  
Natures first moving Organ; nor can ought

what

what Nature dictates to us be held vicious.  
 On then, my soul, and destitute of fears,  
 like an adventrous Mariner, that knows  
 storms must attend him, yet dares court his peril,  
 strive to obtain this happy Port. *Mesfiter*  
 (Loves cunning Advocate) does for me besiege  
 (with gifts and vows) her Chastitie. She is  
 compass'd with flesh, that's not invulnerable,  
 and may by Love's sharp darts be pierc'd. They stand  
 firm, whom no art can bring to Love's command.

*Enter Abraham,*

*Abr.* My gracious brother!

*Abil.* Dearest *Abraham*, welcome.

Tis certainly decreed by our dread Father,  
 we must both march against th' insulting foe.  
 How does thy youth, yet untried to travel,  
 relish the Imploiment?

*Abr.* War is sweet to those  
 that never have experienc'd it. My youth  
 cannot desire in that big Art a nobler  
 Tutor then you (my Brother.) Like an Eglet  
 following her dam, I shall your honour'd steps  
 trace through all dangers, and be proud to borrow  
 a branch, when your head's covered o're with Lawrel,  
 to deck my humbler temples.

*Abil.* I do know thee  
 of valiant active soul; and though a youth,  
 thy forward spirit merits the Command  
 of Chief, rather then Second in an Armie.  
 Would heaven our Roial Father had bestow'd  
 on thee the Charge of General.

*Abr.* On me, Sir!

Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those Arts  
 that do distinguish Valour from wild rashness.  
 A Gen'ral (Brother) must have abler nerves  
 of Judgment, then in my youth can be hop'd for.  
 Your self already like a flourishing Spring  
 teeming with early Victories, the Soldier  
 expects should lead them to new Triumphs, as  
 if you had vanquisht fortune.

*Abil.* I am not so  
 ambitious (*Abraham*) of particular glories,  
 but I would have those whom I love partake them.  
 This Persian war, the last of the whole East

Left



left to be managed, if I can perswade  
the great *Almanzor*, shall be the trophæe  
of thy yet maiden Valour. I have done  
enough already to inform Succession,  
that *Abilqualis* durst on fiercest foes  
run to fetch Conquest home, and would have thy name  
as great as mine in Arms, that Historie  
might register, our Familie abounded  
with Heroes, born for Victorie.

*Abr.* Tis an honour,  
which, though it be above my powers, committed  
to my direction, I would seek to manage  
with care above my yeers, and courage equal  
to his, that dares the horrid'st face of danger:  
But 'tis your noble courtesie would thrust  
this mase'line honor (far above his merits)  
on your regardless Brother; for my Father,  
he has no thought tending to your intentions;  
nor though your goodness should desire, would hardly  
be won to yeild consent to them.

*Abil.* Why, my *Abraben*,  
w're both his sons, and should be both alike  
dear to's affections; and though birth hath given me  
the larger hopes and Titles, 'twere unnatural,  
should he not strive t' indow thee with a portion  
apted to the magnificence of his Off-spring.  
But thou perhaps art timorous, lest thy first  
essayes of valour should meet fate disastrous.  
The bold are Fortunes darlings. If thou hast  
courage to venture on this great imploiment,  
doubt not, I shall prevail upon our Father  
t' ordain thee Chief in this brave hopefull Voiage.

*Abr.* You imagine me  
beyond all thought of gratitude; and doubt not  
that I'll deceive your trust. The glorious Ensignes  
waving i'th' air once, like so many Comets,  
shall speak the Persians funerals, on whose ruines  
we'll build to Fame and Victorie new temples,  
which shall like Pyramids preserve our memories,  
when we are chang'd to ashes.

*Abil.* Be sure, continue  
in this brave minde; I'll instantly sollicite  
our Father to confirm thee in the Charge  
of General, I'll about it.

*Exit.*

*Abr.*

*Abr.* Farewel gracious Brother.

This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good dull fool,  
I see through thy intents, clear, as thy soul  
were as transparent as thin air or Cristal.

He would have me remov'd, march with the Armie,  
that he mean time might make a sure defeat  
on our aged fathers life and Empire: 't must  
be certain as the light. Why should not his  
with equall heat, be like my thoughts, ambitious?  
Be they as harmless as the prai's of Virgins,  
I'll work his ruine out of his intentions.

He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and Greatnesse:  
Greatnesse, the wise mans true felicity,  
Honour's direct inheritance. My youth  
wil quit suspicion of my subtil practice:  
then have I surly *Mura* and *Simanthes*,  
my allyes by my dead Mothers bloud, my assistants,  
his Eunuch too *Mefithes* at my service.

*Simanthes* shall inform the King, the people  
desire Prince *Abilqualis*'s stay; and *Mura*,  
whose blunt demeanour renders him oraculous,  
make a shrewd inference out of it. He is my half Brother,  
th' other's my Father; names, meer aerie titles!  
Soveraigntie's onely sacred, Greatnesse goodnesse,  
true self-affection Justice, every thing  
righteous that's helpfull to create a King.

*Enter Mura, Simanthes.*

*Abr.* My trustie friends, y'are welcome:  
our fate's above our wishes; *Abilqualis*  
by whatso'ere pow'r mov'd to his own ruine,  
would fain inforce his charge of General on me,  
and stay at home.

*Sim.* Why, how can this conduce  
t' advance our purpose?

*Abr.* 'Tis the mainest engine  
could ever move to ruine him. *Simanthes*,  
you shall inform our Father, tis the people  
out of their tender love desires his stay.  
You (*Mura*) shall infer my Brothers greatnesse  
with people; out of it, how nice it is and dangerous.  
The air is open here; come, wee'll discourse  
with more secure privacie our purpose.  
Nothing's unjust, unsacred, tends to advance  
us to a Kingdom; that's the height of chance.



# Revenge for Honour.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. Scena 1.

*Enter Almanzor, Mura, and Simanthes.*

*Al.* **H**OW? not go, *Simanthes*?

*Sim.* My dread Sovereign,  
I speak but what the well affected people  
out of their loyal care and pious duty  
injoyn'd me utter: they do look upon him  
as on your eldest Son; and next Successor,  
and would be loth the *Persian War* should rob  
their eies of light, their souls of joy and comfort,  
this flourishing Empire leave as it were widow'd  
of its lov'd Spouse: They humbly do beseech  
your Majesty would therefore destine some  
more fitting General, whose loss (as heaven  
avert such a misfortune) should it happen,  
might lesse concern the State.

*Al.* 'Tis not the least  
among the blessings Heaven has showr'd upon us,  
that we are happie in such loving Subjects,  
to govern whom, when we in peace are ashes,  
we leave them a Successor whom they truly reverence:  
A loving people and a loving Sovereign  
makes Kingdoms truly fortunate and flourishing.  
But I beleeeve (*Simanthes*) their intents,  
though we confirm them, will scarce take effect:  
My *Abilqualit* (like a Princely Lion,  
in view of's prey) will scarcely be orecome  
to leave the honour of the *Persian War*,  
in's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour,  
and rest in lazy quiet, while that Triumph  
is ravish'd by another.

*Sim.* With the pardon  
of your most sacred Majestie, 'tis fit then  
your great commands forbid the Princes Voyage:  
boldnesse inforces youth to hard atchievements  
before their time, makes them run forth like Lapwings  
from their warm nest, part of the shell yet sticking  
unto their downie heads. Sir, good successe  
is oft more fatal far then bad; one winning  
cast from a flate ring Dis tempting a Gamester

to hazard his whole fortunes.

*Mur.* This is dull, fruitless Philosophy; he that falls nobly winns as much honour by his loss, as conquest.

*Sim.* This rule may hold wel among common men, but not 'mong Princes. Such a prince as ours is, who knows as wel to conquer mens affections as he does enemies, should not be expos'd to every new cause, honourable danger. Prince *Abilqualis*'s fair and winning carriage has stolne possession of the peoples hearts, they doate on him since his late Spanish conquest, as new made brides on their much coveted husbands; and they would pine like melancholy turtles, should they so soone lose the unvalued object both of their love and reverence: Howsoe're, what ere your awful wil (Sir) shall determine, as heaven, is by their strict obedience held sacred and religious.

*Al.* Good *Simanthes*, let them receive our thanks for their true care of our dear *Abilqualis*. Wee'l consider of their request, say.

*Sim.* Your highnesse humblest creature.

*Exit.*

*Mu.* I do not like this.

*Al.* Like what? Valiant *Mura*, we know thy counsels so supremely wise, and thy true heart so excellently faithful, that whatsoere displeases thy sage Judgment, *Almanzor*'s wisdom must account distastful. What is't dislikes thee?

*Mu.* Your Majestie knows me a downright Souldier, I affect not words; but to be brief, I relish not your son should (as if you were in your tomb already) ingross so much the giddie peoples favours. 'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you to suffer it.

*Al.* Why, how can they, *Mura*, Give a more serious testimony of reverence to me, then by conferring their affections, their pious wishes, zealous contemplations on him that sits the nearest to my heart, my *Abilqualis*, in whose hopeful virtues my age more glorious then in all my conquests?

*may*



## Revenge for Honour.

*Mu.* May you prove fortunate in your pious care  
of the Prince *Abilqualit*. But (my Lord)  
*Mura* is not so prone to idle language  
(the Parasits best ornament) to utter  
ought, but what (if you'l please to give him audience  
hee'l show you a blunt reason for.

*Al.* Come, I see  
into thy thoughts, good *Mura*; too much care  
of us, informs thy loyal soul with fears  
the Princes too much popularity  
may breed our danger: banish those suspicions;  
neither dare they who under my long reign  
have been triumphant in so many blessings,  
have the least thought may tend to disobedience:  
or if they had, my *Abilqualit*'s goodnesse  
would ne're consent with them to become impious.

*Mu.* 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays  
minds valiant to irreparable dangers.  
Not that I dare invade with a foule thought  
the noble Princes loyalty; but (my Lord)  
when this same many headed beast (the people)  
violent, and so not constant in affections,  
subject to love of novelty, the sicknesse  
proper t'all humane specially light natures,  
do magnifie with too immoderate praises  
the Princes actions, doate upon his presence,  
nay chaine their souls to th'shadow of his foot-steps,  
as all excesses ought to be held dangerous,  
especially when they do aim at Scepters,  
their too much dotage speaks, you in their wishes  
are dead already, that their darling hope  
the Prince might have the Throne once.

*Al.* 'Tis confess'd, all this a serious truth.

*Mu.* Their mad applauses  
oth'noble Prince, though he be truly virtuous,  
may force ambition into him, a mischief  
Seasing the soul with too much craft and sweetness,  
as pride or lust do's minds unstay'd and wanton:  
'tmake's men like poyson'd rats, which when they've swallow'd  
the pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,  
and can rest then much lesse, until they burst with't.

*Al.* Thy words are stil oraculous.

*Mu.* Pray then think  
with what an easie toil the haughty Prince,

a demy God by th' popular acclamations,  
 nay, the world's Sovereign in the vulgar wishes,  
 had he a resolution to be wicked,  
 might snatch this diadem from your aged temples ?  
 What law so holy, tye of blood so mightie,  
 which for a Crown, minds sanctified and religious  
 have not presum'd to violate ? How much more then  
 may the soul dazzling glories of a Scepter  
 work in his youth, whose constitution's fierie,  
 as overheated air, and has to fan it  
 into a flame, the breath of love and praises  
 blown by strong thought of his own worth and actions.

*Al.* No more of this, good *Mura*.

*Mu.* They dare already limit your intentions,  
 demand (as 'twere) with cunning zeal (which rightly  
 interpreted, is insolence) the Princes  
 abode at home. I wil not say it is,  
 but I guess, 't may be their subtle purpose  
 while we abroad fight for new kingdoms purchase  
 depriv'd by that means of our faithful succors,  
 they may deprive you of this crown, inforce  
 upon the prince this Diadem ; which however  
 he may be loth t' accept, being once possessed of t'  
 and tasted the delights of supreme greatness,  
 hee'l be more loath to part with. To prevent this,  
 not that I think it wil, but that may happen,  
 'tis fit the Prince march. I've observ'd in him too  
 of late a sullen Melancholly, whence rising  
 i'le not conjecture ; only I should grieve, Sir,  
 beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous practise  
 should take that from you which with loyal blood  
 ours and your own victorious arms have purchas'd.  
 and now I have discharg'd my honest conscience  
 censure on't as you please ; henceforth I'me silent.

*Al.* Would thou hadst been so now, thy loyal fears  
 have made me see how miserable a King is,  
 whose rule depends on the vain people suffrage.  
 Black now and horrid as the face of storms  
 appears al *Abisquality* lovely vertues,  
 because to me they only make him dangerous,  
 and with great terror shall behold those actions  
 which with delight before we view'd, and dotage ;  
 like Mariners that bless the peaceful seas,  
 which when suspected to grow up tempestuous,

they



they tremble at. Though he may stil be virtuous,  
'tis wisdom in us, to him no injustice,  
to keep a vigilant eie o're his proceedings  
and the wild peoples purposes.

*Enter Abil.*

*Al. Abilqualit !*  
come to take your leave, I do conjecture.

*Abil.* Rather, Sir, to beg  
your gracious licence, I may stil at home  
attend your dread commands, and that you'd please  
to nominate my hopeful brother *Abraben*  
(in lieu of me) chief of your now raised Forces  
for th' *Persian* expedition.

*Al.* Dare you (Sir) presume to make this suit to us?

*Abil.* Why? (my roial Lord)  
I hope this cannot pull your anger on  
your most obedient Son: a true affection  
to the young Prince my brother, did beger  
this my request; I willingly would have  
his youth adorn'd with glorie of this conquest.  
No tree bears fruit in Autumn, 'less it blossome  
first in the Spring: 'tis fit he were acquainted  
in these soft years with military action,  
that when grown perfect man, he may grow up too  
perfect in warlike discipline.

*Al.* Hereafter  
we shall by your appointment guide our Counsels.  
Why do you not intreat me to resigne  
my Crown, that you the peoples much lov'd minion  
may with't impale your glorious brow? Sir, henceforth  
or know your duty better, or your pride  
shall meet our just wak'd anger. To your Charge,  
and march with speed, or you shall know what 'tis  
to disobey our pleasure. When y'are King,  
learn to command your Subjects; I will mine (Sir.)  
You know your Charge, perform it.

*Exit Alm. and Mura.*

*Abil.* I have done.  
Our hopes (I see) resemble much the Sun,  
that rising and declining cast large shadows;  
but when his beams are dress'd in's midday brightnesse,  
yeelds none at all: when they are farthest from  
successe, their guilt reflection does display  
the largest shows of events fair and prosp'rous.  
With what a settled confidence did I promise

my self, my stay here, *Mura's* wish'd departure?  
 whenstead of these, I finde my fathers wrath  
 destroying mine intentions. Such a fool  
 is self-compassion, soothing us to faith  
 of what we wish should hap. while vain desire  
 of things we have not, makes us quite forget  
 those w'are possess'd of.

*Enter Abraben.*

*Abr.* Alone the engine works  
 beyond or hope or credit. How I hug  
 with vast delight, beyond that of stoll pleasures  
 forbidden Lovers taste, my darling Mistress,  
 my active Brain! If I can be thus subtle  
 while a young Serpent, when grown up a Dragon  
 how glorious shall I be in cunning practise?  
 My gracious brother!

*Abil.* Gentle *Abraben*. I  
 am griev'd my power cannot comply my promise:  
 my Father's so averse from granting my  
 request concerning thee, that with angrie frowns  
 he did expresse rather a passionate rage,  
 then a refusall civil, or accustom'd  
 to his indulgent disposition.

*Abr.* Hee's our Father,  
 and so the tyrant Custome doth inforce us  
 to yeeld him that which fools call natural,  
 when wise men know 'tis more then servile duty,  
 a slavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,  
 be it nor just, nor honourable.

*Abil.* O my *Abraben*,  
 these sounds are unharmonious, as unlookt for  
 from thy unblemish'd innocence: though he could  
 put off paternal pietie, 't gives no priviledg  
 for us to wander from our filial dutie:  
 though harsh, and to our natures much unwelcom  
 be his decrees, like those of Heaven, we must not  
 presume to question them.

*Abr.* Not, if they concern  
 our lives and fortunes? 'Tis not for my self  
 I urge these doubts; but 'tis for you, who are  
 my Brother, and I hope, must be my Sovereigne,  
 my fears grow on me almost to distraction:  
 Our Father's age betrayes him to a dotage,  
 which may be dang'rous to your future safetie;



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he does suspect your loyaltie.

*Abil.* How, *Abraben*?

*Ab.* I knew 'twould start your innocence; but 'tis truth,  
a sad and serious truth; nay his suspicion  
almost arriv'd unto a settled faith  
that y<sup>e</sup> are ambitious.

*Abil.* 'Tis impossible.

*Ab.* The glorious shine of your illustrious vertues  
are grown too bright and dazling for his eyes  
to look on as he ought, with admiration;  
and he with fear beholds them, as it were,  
through a perspective, where each brave action  
of yours survey'd though at remotest distance,  
appears far greater then it is. In brief,  
that love which you have purchas'd from the people  
that sing glad Hymns to your victorious fortunes,  
betraines you to his hate; and in this Voiage  
which he inforces you to undertake,  
he has set spies upon you.

*Abil.* 'Tis so: afflictions  
do fall like hailstones, one no sooner drops,  
but a whole Showre does follow. I observ'd  
indeed, my *Abraben*, that his looks and language  
was dress'd in unaccustom'd clouds, but did not  
imagine they'd presag'd so fierce a tempest.  
Ye gods, why do you give us gifts and graces,  
share your own attributes with men, your virtues,  
when they betray them to worse hate then vices?  
But *Abraben*, prithee reconfirm my feares  
by testimonial how this can be truth;  
for yet my innocence with too credulous trust  
sooths up my soul, our father should not thus  
put that off which does make him so, his sweetnesse,  
to feed the irregular flames of false suspicions  
and soul tormenting jealousies.

*Ab.* Why, to me,  
to me (my Lord) he did with strong Injunctions  
give a solicitous charge to overlook your actions.  
My *Abraben* (quoth he) I'me not so unhappie,  
that like thy brother thou shouldst be ambitious,  
who does affect, 'fore thy ag'd Fathers ashes,  
with greedie-lust my Empire. Have a strict  
and cautious diligence to observe his carriage,  
'twill be a pious care. Mov'd with the base

indig-

indignity, that he on 'me should force  
the office of a spy; your spy, my noble  
and much lov'd brother : my best manhood scarce  
could keep my angry tears in ; I resolv'd  
I was in duty bound to give you early  
intelligence of his unjust intentions,  
that you in wisdom might prevent all dangers  
might fall upon you from them, like swift lightning,  
killing 'cause they invade with sudden fierceness.

*Abil.* In afflicting me, misery is grown witty.

*Ab.* Nay besides (Sir)

the sullen *Mura* has the self same charge too  
consign'd and settled on him; which his blind  
duty will execute. O brother, your  
soft passive nature, do's like jet on fire  
when oyls cast on't, extinguish: otherwise,  
this base suspicion would inflame your sufferance,  
nay make the purest loyalty rebellious.  
However, though your too religious piety  
forces you 'ndure this foul disgrace with patience,  
look to your safety, brother, that dear safety  
which is not only yours, but your whole Empires:  
for my part, if a faithfull brothers service  
may ought avail you, tho against our father,  
since he can be so unnaturally suspicious,  
as your own thoughts command it.

Enter *Selintus* and *Mesithes*.

*Sel.* Come, I know,  
although th'ast lost some implements of manhood  
may make thee gracious in the sight of woman,  
yet th'ast a little engine, call'd a tongue,  
by which thou canst overcome the nicest female,  
in the behalf of friend. Insooth, you Eunuchs  
may well be stil'd Pimps-royal, for the skill  
you have in quaint procurement.

*Mes.* Your Lordship's merry,  
and would inforce on me what has been your  
office far oftner than the cunningst Squire belonging  
to the smock transitory. May't please your Highnesse.

*Abil.* Ha! *Mesithes*.

*Ab.* His countenance varies strangely, some affaire  
the Eunuch gives him notice of, 't should seem,  
begets much pleasure in him.

*Abil.* Is this truth?

*Mes.*



*Mef.* Else let me taste your anger.

*Abil.* My dear *Abrahen*,  
wee'l march to night, prethee give speedie Notice  
to our Lieutenant *Mura*, to collect  
the forces from their several quarters, and  
draw them into Battalia on the plain  
behind the Citie, lay a strict command  
he stir not from the Ensigns til our self  
arrive in person there. Be speedie, brother,  
a little hastie business craves our presence.  
We wil anon be with you, my *Methises*.

*Exeunt Abil. & Mef.*

*Sel.* Can your grace imagine  
whether his highness goes now?

*Ab.* No, *Selintus*;  
canst thou conjecture at the Eunuchs business?  
what ere it was, his countenance seem'd much altred:  
It'd give a talent to have certain knowledge  
what was *Mefithes* message.

*Sel.* I'll inform you  
at a far easier rate. *Mefithes* businesse  
certes concern'd a limber petticoate,  
and the smock soft and slipperie; on my honour,  
has been providing for the Prince, some female  
that he takes his leave of Ladies flesh  
ere his departure.

*Ab.* Not improbable, it may be so.

*Sel.* Nay, certain (Sir) it is so:  
and I believe, your little bodie earne  
after the same sport. You were once reported  
a wag would have had business of ingendering  
with surly *Mura's* Lady: and men may  
conjecture y'are no chaster then a woman;  
yet though she would not solace your desire,  
there are as handsome Ladies will be proud  
to have your Grace inoculate their stock  
with your graft-royal.

*Ab.* Thou art *Selintus* still,  
and wilt not change thy humor. I will go  
and find out *Mura*; so farwel *Selintus*,  
thou art not for these warrs, I know.

*Exit.*

*Sel.* No truly,  
nor yet for any other, 'less't be on  
a naked yeildingemie; though there may  
be as hot service upon such a foe

as on those clad in steel: the little squadron,  
we civill men assault body to body,  
oft carry wild-fire, about them privately,  
that findges us ith' service from the crown  
even to the sole, nay sometimes hair and all off.  
But these are transitory perills,  
Couzens,

I thought you had been dancing to the drum.  
Your General has given order for a march  
this night, I can assure you.

*Gaf.* It is Couzens,  
something of the soonest; but we are prepar'd  
at all times for the journey.

*Sel.* To morrow morning  
may serve the turn though. Hark you, Couzens mine;  
if in this *Persian War*, you chance to take a  
handsome she Captive, pray you be not unmindfull  
of us your friends at home; I will disburse  
her ransome, Couzens, for I've a months mind  
to try if strange flesh, or that of our own  
Countray has the compleater relish.

*Of.* We will accomplish thy pleasure, noble Couzens.

*Sel.* But pray do not  
take the first say of her your selves. I do not  
love to walk after any of my kindred  
ith' path of copulation.

*Gaf.* The first fruits  
shall be thy own, dear Couz. But shall we part  
(never perhaps to meet again) with dry  
lips, my right honoured Couz?

*Sel.* By no means,  
though by the *Alcharon* wine be forbidden,  
you Souldiers in that case make't not your faith.  
Drink water in the Camp, when you can purchase  
no other liquor; here you shall have plenty  
of wine, old and delicious. I'll be your leader,  
and bring you on, let who will bring you off.  
To the encounter, come let us march, Couzens. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*Scena*



Scena Secunda.

*Enter Abilqualit, Caropia, and Mesithes, Perilinda.*

*Car.* No more, my gracious Lord, where real love is needlesse are all expressions ceremonious: the amorous Turtles, that at first acquaintance strive to expresse in murmuring notes their loves, do when agreed on their affections change their chirps to billing.

*Abil.* And in feather'd arms incompasse mutually their gawdy necks.

*Mes.* How do you like these love tricks, *Perilinda*?

*Per.* Very well; but one may sooner hope from a dead man to receive kindness, than from thee, an Eunuch. You are the coldest creatures in the bodies, no snow-balls like you.

*Mes.* We must needs, who have not that which like fire should warm our constitutions, the instruments of copulation, girle, our toys to please the Ladies.

*Abil.* *Caropia*, in your well becoming pity of my extream afflictions and stern sufferings, you've shown that excellent mercy as must render what ever action you can fix on, virtuous. But Lady, I till now have been your tempter, one that desired hearing, the brave resistance you made my brother, when he woo'd your love, only to boast the glory of a conquest which seem'd impossible, now I have gain'd it by being vanquisher, I my self am vanquish'd your everlasting Captive.

*Car.* Then the thraldome will be as prosperous as the pleasing bondage of palms, that flourish most when bow'd down fastest; Constraint makes sweet and easie things laborious, when love makes greatest miseries seem pleasures. Yet 'twas ambition (Sir) join'd with affection that gave me up a spoil to your temptations. I was resolv'd, if ever I did make a breach on matrimonial faith, 't should be

with him that was the darling of kind fortune  
as well as liberall nature; who possessed  
the height of greatnesse to adorn his beauty;  
which since they both conspire to make you happy,  
I thought 't would be a greater sin to suffer  
your hopefull person, born to sway this Empire,  
in loves hot flames to languish, by refusal  
to a consuming feaver, then to infringe  
a vow which ne're proceeded from my heart  
when I unwillingly made it.

*Abil.* And may break it with confidence, secure from the  
least guilt, as if 't had only in an idle dream  
been by your fancy plighted. Madam, there  
can be no greater misery in love,  
than separation from the object which  
we affect; and such is our misfortune  
we must ith' infancy of our desires  
breath at unwelcome distance; ith' mean time,  
lets make good use of the most precious minutes  
we have to spend together.

*Car.* Else we were unworthy to be titled lovers; but  
I fear loath'd *Mura* may with swift approach  
disturb our happinesse.

*Abil.* By my command hee's mustring up our forces.  
Yet *Mesithes*, go you to *Abraben*, and with intimations  
from us, strengthen our charge. Come my *Caropia*,  
love's wars are harmlesse, for who ere do's yeild,  
gains as much honor as who wins the field.

## ACTUS TERTIUS SCENA I.

*Enter Abilqualit and Caropia, as rising from  
bed, Abraben without, Perilinda.*

*Br.* Open the door, I must and will have entrance  
unto the Prince my brother, as you love  
your life and safety and that Ladies honor,  
whom you are lodg'd in amorous twines with, do not  
deny me entrance to you, I am *Abraben*,  
your loyal brother *Abraben*.

*Abil.* 'Tis his voice,  
and



and there can be no danger in't, *Caropia*,  
be not dismay'd, though w<sup>e</sup> are to him discover'd.  
your fame shall taste no blemish by't. Now brother,  
'tis something rude in you, thus violently  
to presse upon our privacies.

*Abr.* My affection  
shall be my Advocate, and plead my care  
of your lov'd welfare, as you love your honour;  
haste from this place, or you'll betray the Lady  
to ruin most inevitable. Her husband  
has notice of your being here, and's comming  
on wings of jealousie and desperate rage  
to intercept you in your close delights.  
In breif, I over heard a trusty Servant  
of his ith' Camp come and declare your highnesse  
was private with *Caropia*: at which tidings  
the sea with greater haste when vext with tempests,  
so sudden and boystrous, flies not towards the shore,  
then he intended homewards. He by this  
needs must have gain'd the City; for with all my power  
I hasted hitherward, that by your absence  
you might prevent his veiw of you.

*Abil.* Why? the slave  
dare not invade my person, had he found me  
in fair *Caropias* armes: 'twould be ignoble,  
now I have caus'd her danger, should I not  
defend her from his violence. I'll stay  
though he come arm'd with thunder.

*Abr.* That will be  
a certain means to ruin her: To me  
count that cure, I'll stand between the Lady,  
and *Mura's* fury, when your very sight,  
giving fresh fire to th' injury, will incense him  
gainst her beyond all patience.

*Car.* Nay, besides  
his violent wrath breaking through his allegiance,  
may riot on your person. Dear my Lord  
withdraw your self, there may be some excuse  
when you are absent thought on, to take off  
*Mura's* suspicion: by our loves, depart  
I do beseech you. Hapless I was born  
to be most miserable.

*Abil.* You shall over-rule me.  
Better it is for him with unhallowed hands

to act a sacriledg on our Prophets tombe  
then to profane this purity with the least  
offer of injurie; be careful *Abraben*,  
to thee I leave my heart. Farwel *Caropia*,  
your tears inforce my absence.

*Exit. Abil.*

*Abr.* Pray hast my Lord  
lest you should meet the inrag'd *Mura*: now Madam  
where are the boasted glories of that virtue,  
which like a faithful Fort withstood my batt'ries?  
demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear;  
like a fair building totter'd from its base  
by an unruly whirlwind, and are now  
instead of love the objects of my pitie.

*Car.* I'me bound to thank you Sir, yet credit me;  
my sin's so pleasing 't cannot meet repentance.  
Were *Mura* here, and arm'd with all the horrors  
rage could invest his powers with; not forgiven  
Hermits with greater peace shal hast to death,  
then I to be the Martyr of this cause,  
which I so love and reverence.

*Abr.* 'Tis a noble  
and wel becoming constancie, and merite  
a lover of those Supreme eminent graces,  
that do like ful winds swel the glorious Sails  
of *Abilqualis*'s dignitie and beantie!  
yet Madam, let me tel you, though I could not  
envie my brothers happinesse, if he  
could have enjoy'd your priceless love with safetie,  
free from discoverie, I am afflicted  
beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth  
which with as true a zeal, courted your love,  
should appear so contemptible to receive  
a killing scorn from you: yet I forgive you,  
and do so much respect your peace, I wish  
you had not sin'd so carelessly to be  
betray'd it's first fruitions of your wishes  
to your suspicious husband.

*Car.* 'Tis a fate Sir,  
which I must stand, though it come dress'd in flames,  
killing as circular fire, and as prodigious  
as death presaging Comets: there's that strength  
in love, can change the pitchie face of dangers  
to pleasing formes, make ghastly fears seeme beauteous;  
and I'me resolv'd, since the sweet Prince is free

from



from *Mura's* anger, which might have been fatal  
if he should here have found him, irresistible  
I dare his utmost fury.

*Abr.* 'Twill bring death with't  
sure as stifling dampe; and 'twere much pitie  
so sweet a beautie should unpitied fall,  
betrai'd to endlesse infamie; your husband  
knowes only that my brother in your chamber  
was entertained; the servant that betrayed you,  
curse on his diligence, could not affirm  
he saw you twin'd together: yet it is  
death by the law, you know, for any Ladie  
at such an hour, and in her husbands absence;  
to entertain a stranger.

*Car.* 'Tis considered Sir,  
and since I cannot live to enjoy his love,  
I'll meet my death as willingly as I  
met *Abilqualis's* dear embraces.

*Abr.* That were too severe a crueltie. Live *Caropia*,  
til the kind destinies take the loath'd *Mura*  
to their eternal Mansions, til he fall  
either in war a sacrifice to fortune,  
or else by stratagem take his destruction  
from angry *Abilqualis*, whose fair Empresse  
you were created for: there is a mean yet  
to save th' opinion of your honour spotlesse,  
as that of Virgin innocence, nay to preserve,  
(though he doth know (as certainly he must do)  
my Brother have injoy'd thee) thee stil precious  
in his deluding fancie.

*Car.* Let me adore you  
if you can give effect to your good purpose.  
But tis impossible.

*Abr.* With as secure an ease  
't shal be accomplish'd as the blest desires  
of uncross'd lovers: you shal with one breath  
dissolve these mists that with contagious darknesse  
threaten the lights both of your life and honour.  
Affirm my brother ravish'd you.

*Car.* How my Lord?

*Abr.* Obtained by violence entry into your chamber  
where his big lust seconded by force,  
despight of yours and your Maids weak resistance  
surpris'd your honor: when 't shal come to question,  
my

my brother cannot so put off the truth, he owes his own affection and your whiteness, but to acknowledg it a rape.

*Car.* And so by saving mine, betray his fame and safety, to the lawes danger, and your fathers justice, which with impartial doome will most severely sentence the Prince, although his son.

*Abr.* Your fears and too affectionate tendernesse wil ruine all that my care has builded. Sure, *Messias* has (as my charge injoin'd him) made relation to him of *Abilqualis*'s action. See your Husband, resolve on't, or y' are miserable. *Enter Mura.*

*Mu.* Furies, where is this lustful Prince, and this lascivious Strumpet? ha *Abraben*, here?

*Abr.* Good Cozen *Mura*, be not so passionate, it is your Prince has wrought your injury; resolve to bear your crosses like a man: the great'st afflictions should have the greatest fortitude in their sufferings from minds resolv'd and noble. 'Las poor Ladie, 'twas not her fault; his too untuly lust 'tis, has destroy'd her puritie.

*Mu.* Ha, in tears! Are these the liverie of your fears and penitence, or of your sorrows (minion) for being rob'd so soon of your Adulterer?

*Abr.* Fie, your passion is too unmannerly; you look upon her with eyes of rage, when you with grief and pitie ought to surveigh her innocence. My Brother, degenerate as he is from worth, and meerly the beast of lust, (what fiends would fear to violate) has with rude insolence destroyed her honor, by him inhumane ravished,

*Tar.* Good Sir be so merciful as to set free a wretch from loath'd mortalitie, whose lifes so great and hateful burden now sh'as lost her honor: 'Twil be a friendly charitie to deliver her from the torment of it.

*Mu.* That I could contract the soul of universal rage



into this swelling heart, that it might be  
as full of poisonous anger as a dragons  
when in a toile insnar'd. *Caropia* ravished!  
Me thinks the horror of the sound should fright  
to everlasting ruine, the whole world,  
start natures Genius.

*Abr.* Gentle Madam, pray  
withdraw your self, your sight, til I have wrought  
a cure upon his temper, wil but adde  
to his affliction.

*Car.* You're as my good Angel,  
I'll follow your directions.

*Exit.*

*Abr.* *Cozen Mura,*  
I thought a person of your masculine temper,  
in dangers fostred, where perpetual terrors  
have been your play-fellowes, would not have resented  
with such effeminate passion a disgrace,  
though ne're so huge and hideous.

*Ma.* I am tame,  
collected now in all my faculties,  
which are so much oppress'd with injuries,  
they've lost the anguish of them: can you think, Sir,  
when all the winds fight, the intrag'd billows  
that use to imprint on the black lips of clouds  
a thousand brinie kisses, can lie stil,  
as in a lethargie? that when baths of oyl  
are pour'd upon the wild irregular flames  
in populous Cities, that they'll then extinguish?  
Your mitigations adde but seas to seas,  
give matter to my fires to increase their burning,  
and I ere long enlightned by my anger  
shall be my owne pile, and consume to ashes.

*Abr.* Why, then I see indeed your injuries  
have ravished hence your reason and discourse,  
and left you the meere prostitute of passion.  
Can you reaire the ruins you lament so  
with these exclames? was ever dead man call'd  
to life again by fruitful sighs? or can  
your rage reedifie *Caropias* honour,  
slain and betra'd by his foul lust? Your manhood,  
that heretofore has thrown you on all dangers,  
me thinks should prompt you to a noble vengeance,  
which you may safely prosecute with Justice,  
to which this crime, although he be a Prince,

Renders him liable.

*Mu.* Yes, I'll have justice  
or I'll awake the sleepy Deities,  
or like the ambitious Gyants wage new wars  
with heaven it self, my wrongs shall steel my courage,  
and on this vicious Prince like a fierce Sea-breach  
my just wak'd rage shall riot till it sink  
in the remorseless eddie, sink where time  
shall never find his name but with disgrace  
to taint his hatefull memory.

*Abr.* This wildnesse neither befit your wisdom nor your courage,  
which should with settled and collected thoughts  
walk on to noble vengeance. He before  
was by our plots proscrib'd to death and ruine  
to advance me to the Empire, now with ease  
we may accomplish our designs.

*Mu.* Would heaven  
I nere had given consent, o'come by love  
to you to have made a forfeit on my allegiance,  
'tis a just punishment, I by him am wrong'd,  
whom for your sake I fearlesse sought to ruin.

*Abr.* Are you repentant grown, *Mura*? this softnesse?  
ill suits a person of your great resolves,  
on whom my fortunes have such firm dependance.  
Come, let *Caropia's* fate invoke thy vengeance  
to gain full mastery o're all other passions,  
leave not a corner in thy spacious heart  
unfurnish'd of a noble rage, which now  
will be an attribute of glorious justice:  
the law you know with loss of sight doth punish  
all rapes, though on mean persons; and our father  
is so severe a Justicer, not blood  
can make a breach upon his faith to justice.  
Besides, we have already made him dangerous  
in great *Almanzors* thoughts, and being delinquent  
he needs must suffer what the meanest offender  
merits for such a trespass.

*Mu.* I'me awake now,  
the lethargy of horror and amaze  
that did obscure my reason, like those dail  
and lazy vapors that o'reshade the Sun,  
vanish, and it resumes its native brightness.  
And now I would not but this devil Prince  
had done this act upon *Caropia's* whiteness.



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Since 't yeilds you free access unto the Empire,  
The deprivall of's fight do's render him incapable  
of future sovereignty.

*Abr.* Thou'rt in the right,  
and hast put on manly considerations  
*Caropia* (since shee's in her will untainted)  
ha's not forgon her honor: he dispatc'd once,  
as we will have him shortly, 't shall go hard else,  
a tenant to his marble, thou agen  
wedded in peace maist be to her pure vertues,  
and live their happy owner.

*Mu.* I'll repair  
to great *Almanzor* instantly, and if  
his partial piety do descend to pitty,  
I will awake the Executioner  
of justice, death, although in sleep more heavy  
than he can borrow from his natural coldness;  
on this good sword I'll wear my causes justice  
till he do fall its sacrifice.

*Abr.* But be sure  
you do't with cunning secresie, perhaps,  
should he have notice of your just intentions,  
he would repair to th' Army, from which safeguard  
our best force could not pluck him without danger  
to the whole Empire.

*Mu.* Doubt not but I'll manage  
with a discreet severity my vengeance,  
invoke *Almanzors* equity with sudden  
and private haste.

*Abr.* Mean time  
I will go put a new design in practice  
that may be much conducing to our purpose.  
Like clocks, one wheele another on must drive,  
affairs by diligent labor only thrive.

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Selinthus, Gafelles, Oseran, and Souldiers.*

*Sel.* No quarrelling good Couzens, lest it be  
with the glass, 'cause 'tis not of size sufficient  
to give you a magnificent draught. You will  
have fighting work enough, when you're i'th' war,  
do not fall out among your selves.

*Of.* Not pledg  
my peerlesse Mistresse health? *Souldier*, thou'rt mortall,  
if thou refuse it.

*Gaf.* Come, come, he shall pledg it,  
and 'twere a Tun. Why, w'are all as dull  
as dormise in our liquor: Here's a health  
to the Prince *Abilqualis*.

*Soul.* Let go round  
I'd drink't, were it an Ocean of warm blood  
flowing from th'emie: Pray, good my Lord  
what news is stirring?

*Sel.* It should seem, *Souldier*,  
thou canst not read; otherwise the learn'd Pamphlets  
that flie about the streets, would satisfie  
thy curiositie with news; they'r true ones,  
full of discreet intelligence.

*Of.* Cosens, thal's have a Song? here is a *Souldier*  
in's time hath sung a dirge unto the foe  
oft in the field.

*Soul.* Captain, I have a new one,  
the *Souldiers* Joy 'tis call'd.

*Sel.* That is an harlot.  
Preethee be musicall, and let us taste  
the sweetnesse of thy voice.

*Gaf.* Whist, give attention.

*Soul.* How does your Lordship like it?

*Sel.* Very well.  
And so here's to thee. There's no drum beats yet,  
and 'tis cleer day; some hour hence 'twill be  
time to break up the Watch. Ha! young Lord *Abrabens*,  
and trim *Mefishes* with him! what the devil  
does he make up so early? He has been  
a bat-fowling all night after those Birds,  
those Ladie-birds term'd wagtails; what strange business  
can he have here, tro?

*Abr.* 'Twas wel done, *Mefishes*!  
and trust me, I shal find an apt reward,  
both for thy care and cunning. Preethee hast  
to Lord *Simanthes*, and deliver this  
note to him with best diligence, my dear Eunuch;  
thou'rt halfe the soul of *Abrabens*.

*Mef.* I was borne  
to be intituled your most humble vassal;  
I'll hast to the Lord *Simanthes*.

*Sel.*



*Sel.* How he cringes !  
These youths that want the instruments of Manhood,  
are very supple in the hams.

*Abr.* Good-morrow  
to noble Lord *Selintus* : what companions  
have you got here thus early ?

*Sel.* Blades of metal,  
tall men of war, and 't please your Grace, of my  
own blood and family, men who gather'd  
a sallad on the enemies ground, and eaten it  
in bold defiance of him ;  
' and not a Souldier here but's an *Achylles*,  
valiant as stoutest *Mirmidon*.

*Abr.* And they  
never had juster cause to show their valor ;  
the Prince my dearest brother, their Lord General's  
became a forfeit to the stern laws rigour ;  
and 'tis imagin'd, our impartial father,  
wil sentence him to lose his eyes.

*Gaf.* Marry heaven  
defend, for what, and 't like your Grace!

*Abr.* For a fact  
which the severe law punishes with loss  
of natures precious lights; my tears wil scarce  
permit me utter 't: for a rape committed  
on the fair wife of *Mura*.

*Of.* Was it for nothing else, and please your Grace?  
ere he shal lose an eie for such a trifle,  
or have a haire diminish'd, we wil  
lose our heads; what, hoodwink men like sullen hawks  
for doing deeds of nature! I'measur'd  
the law is such an Ass.

*Sel.* Some Eunuch Judg,  
that could not be acquainted with the sweets  
due to concupiscencial parts, invented  
this law, I'll be hang'd else. 's Life, a Prince,  
and such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes,  
for satisfying the hunger of the stomach  
beneath the waist, is crueltie prodigious,  
not to be suffer'd in a common-wealth  
of ought but geldings.

*Abr.* 'Tis vain to sooth  
our hopes with these delusions, he wil suffer  
less he be reskued. I would have you therefore

if you ow any service to the Prince,  
my much lamented brother, to attend  
without least tumult 'bout the Court, and if  
there be necessity of your ayd, I'll give you  
notice when to imploy it.

*Sel.* Sweet Prince, wee'l swim  
in blood to do thee or thy brother service.  
Each man provide their weapons.

*Abr.* You will win  
my brothers love for ever, nay my father,  
though hee'l seem angry to behold his justice  
deluded, afterwards when his rage is past,  
will thank you for your loyalties: Pray be there  
with all speed possible, by this my brothers  
commanded 'fore my father. I'll go learn  
the truth, and give you notice: pray be secret  
and firm to your resolves.

*Sel.* For him that flinches  
in such a cause, I'll have no more mercy  
on him. Heres *Tarifa*

the Princes sometimes Tutor, *Mura* with him  
a walking towards the Court, let's take no notice  
of them, lest they discover our intentions  
by our grim looks. March fair and softly *Conzens*,  
wee'l be at Court before them.

*Tar.* You will not do this, *Mura*!

*Mu.* How *Tarifa*?

will you defend him in an act so impious?  
Is't fit the drum should cease his surly language,  
when the bold Souldiers marches, or that I  
should passe o're this affront in quiet silence,  
which Gods and men invoke to speedy vengeance?  
which I will have, or manhood shall be tame  
as Cowardice.

*Tar.* It was a deed so barbarous,  
that truth it self blushes as well as justice  
to hear it mention'd: but consider *Mura*,  
he is our Prince, the Empires hope, and pillar  
of great *Almanzors* age. How far a publick  
regard should be prefer'd before your private  
desire of vengeance! which if you do purchase  
from our impartial Emperors equity,  
his loss of sight, and so of the succession,  
will not restore *Caropia* to the honor



he ravish't from her. But so foule the cause is,  
I rather should lament the Princes folly  
than plead in his behalf.

*Mur.* 'Tis but vain,  
there is your warrant, as you are high Marshal,  
to summon him to make his speedy appearance  
'fore the Tribunall of *Almazor*;  
so pray you execute your office.

*Exit.*

*Tar.* How one vice  
can like a small cloud when't breaks forth in showers,  
black the whole heaven of vertues! O my Lord,  
that face of yours which once with Angell brightnesse  
cheer'd my faint sight, like a grim apparition  
frights it with ghastly terror; you have done  
a deed that startles vertue till it shakes  
as it got a palsie. I'me commanded  
to summon you before your father, and  
hope you'l obey his mandate.

*Enter Abil-  
qualis,  
Murs, whis-  
pering seem  
to make pro-  
testations.  
Exeunt.*

*Abil.* Willingly,  
what's my offence, *Tarifa*?

*Tar.* Would you knew not,  
I did presage your too unruly passions  
would hurry you to some disast'rons act,  
but ne're imagin'd you'd have been so lost  
to masculine honor, to commit a rape  
on that unhappy object of your love,  
whom now y've made the spoil of your foul lust,  
the much wrong'd wife of *Mura*.

*Abil.* Why, do's *Mura* charge me with his *Caropia*'s rape?

*Tar.* This warrant sent by your angry father, testifies  
he means to appeach you of it.

*Abil.* 'Tis my fortune, all natural motions when they  
approach their end, hast to draw to't with accustom'd  
swiftnesse. Rivers with greedier speed run neere  
their out-falls, than at their springs. But I'me resolv'd,  
let what happen that will, I'll stand it, and defend  
*Caropia*'s honor, though mine own I ruin;  
Who dares not dye to justifie his love,  
deserves not to enjoy her. Come, *Tarifa*,  
what e're befall, I'me resolute. He dies  
glorious, that falls loves innocent sacrifice.

*Exeunt.*

Actus

## ACTUS QUARTUS. Scena I.

*Enter Almanzor, Abilqualir, Tarifa and Mura.*

**Al.** NO more *Tarifa*, you'l provoke our anger,  
if you appear in this cause so solicitous,  
the act is too apparent: nor shal you  
need (injur'd *Mura*) to implore our justice,  
which with impartial doome shall fall on him  
more rigorously, then on a strange offender.  
**O Abilqualir**, (for the name of Son,  
when thou forsookst thy native virtue, left thee;)   
Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortunes glories  
of no more value, then to be expos'd  
to ruine for one vice; at whose name only  
the furies start, and bashful fronted justice  
hides her amaz'd head? But it is now bootless  
to shew a fathers pitie, in my grief  
for thy amiss. As I'me to be thy Judge,  
be resolute, I'll take as little notice,  
thou art my off-spring, as the wandring clouds  
do of the showers, which when they've bred to ripenesse,  
they straight disperse through the vast earth forgotten.

**Abil.** I'me sorrie Sir, that my unhappie chance  
should draw your anger on me; my long silence  
declares I have on that excelling sweetnesse,  
that unexampled pattern of chaste goodnesse; *Caropia* acted  
violence. I confess,  
I lov'd the Ladie, and when no perswasions  
serv'd to prevail on her, too stubborn, incens'd;  
by force I sought my purpose and obtain'd it;  
nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetnesse  
of that unvalued purchase) find repentance  
in any abject thought; what ere falls on me  
from your sterne rigor in a cause so precious,  
will be a pleasing punishment.

**Al.** You are grown  
a glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus  
the awful rod of justice! Lost young man,  
for thou'rt no child of mine; dost not consider  
to what a state of desperate destruction  
thy wild lust has betrai'd thee! What rich blessings

(that



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(that I may make thee sensible of thy sins  
by showing thee thy suffering) hast thou lost  
by thy irregular folly! First my love,  
which never more must meet thee, scarce in pitie;  
the glorie flowing from thy former actions  
stopt up for ever; and those lustful eies,  
by whose deprival (thou'rt depriv'd of being  
capable of this Empire) to the law,  
which willexact them, forfeited. Cal in there  
a Surgeon, and our Mutts to execute this act  
of justice on the unworthie traitor, upon whom  
my just wak'd wrath shall have no more compassion,  
then the incens'd flames have on perishing wretches  
that wilfully leap into them.

*Enter Surg. Mutts.*

*Tar.* O my Lord,  
that which on others would be fitting justice,  
on him your hopeful though offending son,  
wil be exemplar crueltie; his youth Sir,  
that hath abounded with so many vertues,  
is an excuse sufficient for one vice:  
he is not yours only, hee's your Empires,  
destin'd by nature and successions priviledg,  
when you in peace are shrowded in your marble,  
to weild this Scepter after you. O do not,  
by putting out his eies, deprive your Subjects  
of light, and leave them to dul mournful darknesse.

*Al.* 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.

If those on which his eyes hang, were my heart strings,  
I'de cut them out rather then wound my Justice;  
nor dos't besit thy vertue intercede  
for him in this cause horrid and prodigious;  
the crime gainst me was acted; 't was a rape  
upon my honour, more then on her whitenesse;  
his was from mine derivative, as each stream  
is from its spring; so that he has polluted  
by his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my goodnesse;  
strucken through my dignitie by his violence:  
nay, started in their peaceful umbrs, the ashes  
of all my glorious Ancestors, desir'd  
the memorie of their stil descendant vertues;  
nay with a killing frost, nippt the fair blossomes,  
that did preface such goodly fruit arising  
from his own hopeful youth.

*Mur.* I ask but justice;

those



those eyes that led him to unlawful objects,  
tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindnesse;  
the Sun himself, when he darts rayes lascivious,  
such as ingender by too piercing fervence  
intemperate and infectious heats, straight wears  
obscuritie from the clouds his own beams raises.  
I have been your Souldier Sir, and fought your battails;  
for all my services, I beg but justice,  
which is the Subjects best prerogative,  
the Princes greatest attribute; and for a fact,  
then which, none can be held more black and hideous,  
which has betraid an eclipse the brightest  
star in th' heaven of vertues: the just law  
does for't ordain a punishment, which I hope  
you the laws righteous guider, wil according  
to equitie see executed.

*Tar.* Why! that law  
was only made for common malefactors;  
but has no force to extend unto the Prince,  
to whom the law it self must become subject.  
This hopeful Prince, look on him, great *Almanzor*  
and in his eyes, those volumes of all graces,  
which you like erring Meteors would extinguish:  
read your own lively figure, the best storie  
of your youths noblest vigor; let not wrath (Sir)  
o'recome your pietie, nay your humane pity.  
'Tis in your brest, my Lord, yet to shew mercie;  
that precious attribute of heavens true goodnesse,  
even to your self, your son I me thinks that name  
should have a power to interdict your Justice  
in its too rigorous progress.

*Abil.* Dear *Tarifa*,  
I'me more afflicted at the intercessions,  
then at the view of my approaching torments,  
which I wil meet with fortitude and boldnesse,  
too base to shake now at one personal danger,  
when I've incountred thousand perils fearless;  
Nor do I blame my gracious fathers Justice,  
though it precede his nature. I'd not have him  
(for my sake) forfeit that for which he's famous,  
his uncorrupted equitie, nor repine  
I at my destinie; my eies have had  
delights sufficient in *Carpia's* beauties,  
to serve my thoughts for after contemplations



nor can I ever covet a new object,  
since they can ne're hope to incounter any  
of equal worth and sweetness.

Yet hark *Tarifa*, to thy secrecie

I wil impart my dearest, inmost counsels;  
if I should perish, as 'tis probable

I may, under the hands of these tormentors;

thou maist unto succession show my innocence;

*Caropia* yeilded without least constraint,

and I injoy'd her freely.

*Tar.* How my Lord?

*Abil.* No words on't,

as you respect my honour! I'd not lose

the glorie I shall gain by these my sufferings;

come grim furies, and execute your office. I wil stand you,

unmov'd as hills at whirlwinds, and amidst

the torments you inflict, retain my courage.

*Al.* Be speedie villaines.

*Tar.* O stay your cruel hands,

you dumb ministers of injur'd Justice,

and let me speak his innocence ere you further

afflict his precious eye-sight.

*Al.* What does this mean, *Tarifa*!

*Tar.* O my Lord,

the too much braverie of the Princes spirit

'tis has undone his fame, and put'd upon him

this fatal punishment; 'twas but to save

the Ladies honour, that he has assum'd

her rape upon him, when with her consent

the deed of shame was acted.

*Mar.* Tis his fears

makes him traduce her innocence; he who did not

stick to commit a riot on her person,

can make no conscience to destroy her fame

by his untrue suggestions.

*Al.* 'Tis a basenesse

beyond thy other villanie (had shee yeilded,) *Al.*

thus to betraie for transitorie torture,

her honour, which thou wert engag'd to safeguard

even with thy life. A son of mine could never

show this ignoble cowardize: Proceed

to execution, I'll not hear him speak,

he is made up of treacheries and falshoods.

*Tar.* Wil you then

be to the Prince so tyrannous? Why, to one just now he did confess his only motive to undergoc this torment, was to save *Caropia's* honour blameless.

*Abil.* I am more troubled; Sir, with his untimely frenzie, then with my punishment; his too much love to me, has spoild his temperate reason: he confesses *Caropia* yeilded! Not the light is half so innocent as her spotlesse virtue.

'T was not wel done, *Tarifa*, to betray the secret of your friend thus: though *Shce* yeilded, the terror of ten thousand deaths shall never force me to confess it.

*Tar.* Agen, my Lord, even now he does confess, she yeilded, and protests that death shall never make him say *Shce's* guiltis: the breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.

*Abil.* Haplesse man, to run into this lunacie! *Eie Tarifa*, so treacherous to your Friend!

*Tar.* Agen, agen. Wil no man give me credit?

*Enter Abraham.*  
*Abr.* Where is our roial father, where our brother? As you respect your life and Empires safetie, dismiss these tyrannous instruments of death and crueltie unexemplified. O Brother, that I should ever live to enjoy my eie-sight, and see one halfe of your dear lights indanger'd. My Lord, you've done it best, which my just fears tels me, wil shake your Scepter! O for heavens sake, look to your future safetie, the rough Souldiers hearing their much lov'd General, My good Brother was by the law betrai'd to some sad danger, have in their pietie beset the palace; think on some means to appease them, ere their furie grow to its full unbridled height; they threaten your life, great Sir: pray send my brother to them, his fight can only pacifie them.

*Al.* Have you your Champions? We wil prevent their insolence, you shall not boast, you have got the Empire by our ruine.



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Muts, Strangle him immediately.

*Abr.* Avert

such a prodigious mischief, heaven, Hark, hark  
they're entred into th' Court; desist you monsters,  
my life shal stand betwixt his and this violence,  
or I with him wil perish. Faithful Souldiers,  
hast to defend your Prince, curse on your slowness.  
Hee's dead; my fathers turn is next. O horror,  
would I might sink into forgetfulnesse!  
What has your furie urg'd you to?

*Al.* To that

which whoso murmurs at, is a faithlesse traitor  
to our tranquillitie. Now Sir, your business?

*Sim.* My Lord, the Citie  
is up in arms, in rescue of the Prince;  
the whole Court throngs with Souldiers.

*Al.* 'T was high time  
to cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage  
through our very bowels to our Empire.  
Nay, we wil stand their furies, and with terror  
of Majestie strike dead these insurrections.  
Traitors, what means this violence?

*Abr.* O dear Souldiers,  
your honest love's in vain; my Brother's dead;  
strangled by great *Almanzor's* dire command,  
ere your arrival. I do hope they'll kill him  
in their hot zeal.

*Al.* Why do you stare so, traitors?  
'twas I your Emp'r that have done this act,  
which who repines at, treads the self same steps  
of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us,  
wee'd be alone. No motion! Are you statues?  
Stay you, *Tarifa* here. For your part, *Mura*,  
you cannot now complain but you have justice;  
so quit our presence.

*Of.* Faces about, Gentlemen.

*Abr.* It has happ'ned  
above our wishes, we shall have no need now  
to imploy your handkercher. Yet give it me.  
You'r sure 'tis right, *Simanthos*.

*Al.* *Tarifa*,  
I know the love thou bearest Prince *Abilqualis*  
makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the fume  
of angry Dragons. Speak thy free intentions,

Deserv'd:

*Enter, Enter.*

*Enter Simanthos.*

*Enter Souldiers.*

*Exeunt.*

Deserv'd he not this fate ?

*Tar.* No : You're a Tyrant,  
one that delights to feed on your own bowels,  
and were not worthie of a Son so vertuous.  
Now you have tane his, add to your injustice,  
and take *Tarifa's* life, who in his death,  
should it come flying on the wings of torments,  
would speak it out as an apparant truth :  
the Prince to me declar'd his innocence,  
and that *Caropia* yeelded.

*Al.* Rise *Tarifa*;

we do command thee, rise : a sudden chillesse,  
such as the hand of winter casts on brooks,  
thrills our ag'd heart. I'll not have thee ingross  
sorrow alone for *Abilqualis's* death :  
I lov'd the boy well, and though his ambition  
and popularitie did make him dangerous,  
I do repent my furie, and will vie  
with thee in sorrow. How he makes death lovely !  
Shall we fix here, and weep till we be statues ?

*Tar.* Til we grow stiff as the cold *Alabasters*  
must be erected over us. Your rashnesse  
has rob'd the Empire of the greatest hope  
it ere shall boast agen. Would I were ashes.

*Al.* He breathes (me thinks :) the over-hastie soul  
was too discourteous to forsake so fair  
a lodging, without taking solemn leave  
first of the owner. Ha, his handkercher !  
Thou'rt lib'ral to thy Father even in death,  
leav'st him a legacie to drie his tears,  
which are too slow ; they should create a deluge.

O my dear *Abilqualis* !

*Tar.* You exceed now  
as much in grief as you did then in rage.  
One drop of this pious paternal softnesse  
had ransom'd him from ruine. Dear Sir, rise :  
my grief's divided, and I know not whether  
I should lament you living, or him dead.  
Good Sir, erect your looks. Not stir ! His sorrow  
makes him insensible. Ha, there's no motion  
left in his vital spirits : The excesse  
of grief has stifled up his pow'rs, and crack'd  
(I fear) his ag'd hearts cordage. Help, the Emperor,  
he Emperor's dead ; Help, help.

*Abrahen,*



# Revenge for Honour.

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*Abrahen, Simanthes, Mesithes, Omnes*

*Abr.* What dismal outcrie's this?  
our royal father dead! The handkercher has wrought I see.

*Tar.* Yes; his big heart  
vanquish'd with sorrow, that in's violent rage,  
he doom'd his much lov'd son to timeless death,  
could not endure longer on its weak strings,  
but crack'd with weight of sorrow. Their two spirits,  
by this, are met in their delightful passage  
to the blest shades; we in our tears are bound  
to cal you our dread Sovereign.

*Omnes.* Long live *Abrahen*  
Great Caliph of *Arabia*.

*Abr.* 'Tis a title  
we cannot covet, Lords, it comes attended  
with so great cares and troubles, that our youth  
start at the thought of them, even in our sorrows  
which are so mightie on us; our weak spirits  
are readie to relinquish the possession  
they've of mortalitie, and take swift flight  
after our roial friends. *Simanthes*, be it  
your charge to see all fitting preparation  
provided for the funerals.

*Enter Selinthus.*

*Sel.* Where's great *Almanzor*?

*Abr.* O *Selinthus*, this  
day is the hour of funerals grief; for his  
crueltie to my brother, has translated  
him to immortalitie.

*Sel.* Hee'll have attendants  
to wait on him to our great prophets paradise,  
ere he be readie for his grave. The Souldiers  
all mad with rage for the Princes slaughter,  
have vow'd by all oaths Souldiers can invent,  
(and that's no smal store) with death and destruction,  
to pursue fullen *Mura*.

*Abr. Tarifa,*  
use your authoritie to keep their violence  
in due obedience. We're so fraught with grief,  
we have no room for any other passion  
in our distracted bosome. Take these roial bodies  
and place them on that couch; here where they fell,  
they shal be imbalm'd. Yet put them out of our sight,  
their veiws draw fresh drops from our heart.



Anon we'll show our selves to cheer the afflicted  
Subject.

*Omnes* Long live *Abraben*, great Caliph of Arabia *Exeunt*

*Abr.* And who can say now, *Abraben* is a villain?

I am saluted King with acclamations  
that deaf the Heavens to hear, with as much joy  
as if I had atchiev'd this Scepter by  
means fair and virtuous. 'Twas this handkercher  
that did to death *Almanzor*, so infected  
its least insensible vapour, has full power  
apply'd to th' eye, or any other Organ,  
can drink its poyson in to vanquish Nature,  
though nere so strong and youthful. 'Twas *Simanbar*  
devis'd it for my brother, and my cunning  
transferr'd it to *Almanzor*; 'tis no matter,  
my worst impiety is held now religious.

'Twixt Kings and their inferiors there's this odds,  
These are meer men, we men yet earthly gods. *Exit.*

*Abil.* 'Twas well the Mute prov'd faithful, otherwise  
I'd lost my breath with as much speed and silence  
as those who do expire in dreams, their health  
seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely  
consider'd of me, to prepare those sure  
instruments of destruction. The suspicion  
I had by *Abraben* of my fathers fears  
of my unthought ambition, did instruct me  
by making them mine, to secure my safety.  
Would the inhumane Surgeon had rapt  
these blessed lights from me; that I had liv'd for ever  
doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather than  
*Tarifa's* fears had so approach'd her honour.  
Well, villain Brother, I have found that by  
my seeming death, which by my lives best arts  
I ne're should have had knowledge of. Dear Father,  
though thou to me wert pitiless, my heart  
weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus like  
a lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin  
from its own Stock descending. He has agents  
in his ungracious wickedness: *Simanbar*  
he has discover'd: Were they multitudes  
as numerous as collected sands, and mighty  
in force as mischief, they should from my Justice  
meet their due punishment. *Abraben* by this  
is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted right

when



## Revenge for Honour.

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when't shall appear I'me living, wil reduce  
the people to my part; the armie's mine,  
whither I must withdraw unseen: the night  
wil best secure me. What a strange *Chimera*  
of thought posselles my dul brain! *Caropia*,  
thou hast a share in them: Fate, to thy mercie  
I do commit my self; who scapes the snare  
once, has a certain caution to beware.

*Exit.*

Scen. 2. *Enter Caropia and Perilinda.*

*Car.* Your Lord is not returned yet!

*Per.* No, good Madam:

pray do not thus torment your self, the Prince  
(I warrant you) wil have no injurie  
by saving of your honour; do you think  
his father wil be so extreme outragious  
for such a trifle, as to force a woman  
with her good liking?

*Car.* My ill boding soul  
beats with presages ominous. Would heaven  
I'd stood the hazard of my incens'd Lords furie,  
rather then he had run this imminent danger.  
Could you ne're learn, which of the slaves it was  
betray'd our close loves to loath'd *Mura's* notice?

*Per.* No indeed could I not; but here's my Lord,  
pray Madam do not grieve so!

*Enter Mura.*

*Mu.* My *Caropia*,  
dress up thy looks in their accustom'd beauties,  
cal back the constant spring into thy cheeks,  
that droope like lovely Violets, o're charg'd  
with too much mornings dew; shoot from thy eies  
a thousand flames of joy. The lustful Prince,  
that like a foul thief, rob'd thee of thy honour  
by his ungracious violence, has met  
his roial fathers Justice.

*Car.* Now my fears  
carry too sure an augury! you would fain  
sooth me, my Lord, out of my flood of sorrows;  
what reparation can that make my honour,  
though he have tasted punishment?

*Mu.* His life  
is fain the off-spring of thy chastitie;  
which his hot lust polluted: nay, *Caropia*,

to save himself, when he but felt the torment  
 applied to his lascivious eies; although  
 at first he did with impudence acknowledg  
 thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue,  
 protested, only 'twas to save thy honor,  
 he took on him thy rape, when with consent  
 and not constrain'd, thou yeildedst to the looseness  
 of his wild vicious flames.

*Car.* Could he be so unjust, my Lord?

*Mu.* He was, and he has paid for't;  
 the malicious Souldier, while he was a losing  
 his eies, made violent head to bring him rescue, which  
 pul'd his ruine on him. But no more  
 of such a prodigie; may his black memorie  
 perish even with his ashes. My *Caropia*,  
 the flourishing trees widow'd by winters violence  
 of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expir'd once,  
 put forth again with new and virgin freshness,  
 their bushie beauties; it should be thy emblem.  
 Display agen those chaste immaculate glories,  
 which the harsh winter of his lust had wither'd;  
 and I'll agen be wedded to thy vertues,  
 with as much joy, as when thou first enrich'd me  
 with their pure maiden beauties. Thou art dul,  
 and dost not gratulate with happie welcoms,  
 the triumphs of thy vengeance.

*Car.* Are you sure, my Lord, the Prince is dead?

*Mu.* Pish, I beheld him breathlesse.  
 Take comfort best *Caropia*, thy disgrace  
 did with his loath'd breath vanish.

*Car.* I could wish though,  
 that he had falne by your particular vengeance,  
 rather then by th' laws rigor; you're a Souldier  
 of glorie, great in war for brave performance:  
 me thinks 't had been far nobler, had you call'd him  
 to personal satisfaction: had I been  
 your husband, you my wife, and ravished by him;  
 my resolution would have arm'd my courage  
 to've stroke him thus: The dead Prince sends you that. *Stab him*

*Mu.* O, I am slain!

*Car.* Would it were possible  
 to kil even thy eternitie. Sweet Prince,  
 how shal I satisfie thy unhappie ruins?  
 Ha, not yet breathlesse! To increase thy anguish



## Revenge for Honour.

even to despair, know, *Abilqualit* was  
more dear to me, then thy foul selfe was odious,  
and did enjoy me freely.

*Mu.* That I had  
but breath enough to blast thee.

*Car.* 'Twas his brother  
(curse on his art) seduc'd me to accuse  
him of my rape. Do you groane, prodigie !  
take this as my last bountie.

*Stab again.*  
*Enter Perilinda.*

*Per.* O Madam, Madam,  
what shal we do? the house is round beset  
with Souldiers ; Madam, they do sweare they'le tear  
my Lord, for the sweet Princes death, in pieces.

*Car.* This hand has sav'd  
their furie that just labour : yet I'le make  
use of their malice, help to convey  
him into's Chamber.

*Enter Osman, Gasselles, Souldiers.*

*Gas.* Where is this villain, this traitor *Mura* ?

*Car.* Heaven knowes what violence  
their furie may assault me with ; be't death,  
't shall be as welcome, as sound healthful sleeps  
to men oppress'd with sicknesse. What's the matter?  
what means this outrage ?

*Os.* Marry, Ladie gay,  
We're come to cut your little throat ; pox on you ,  
and all your sex ; you've caus'd the noble Princes  
death, wild-fire take you fort, weel talk with you  
at better leisure : you must needs be ravished !  
and could not like an honest woman, take  
the curtisie in friendly sort !

*Gas.* We trifle :  
her husband may escape us. Say, where is he ?  
or you shall die, ere you can pray

*Sold.* Here, here I have found the vallain ! what, do you  
sleep so soundly ? ne're wake more, this for the  
Prince, you rogue : let's tear him piecemeale.  
Do you take your death in silence, dog !

*Car.* You appear indow'd with some humanitie ,  
you have tane his life ; let not your hate last  
after death ; let me embalm his bodie with  
my tears, or kil me with him.

*Os.* Now you've said the word,

we care not if we do.

*Enter Tarifa.*

*Tar.* Slaves, unhand  
the Ladie, who dares offer her least violence,  
from this hand meets his punishment. *Gafelles,*  
*Osman,* I thought you had been better temper'd,  
then thus to raise up mutinies. In the name  
of *Abraben* our now Caliph, I command you,  
desist from these rebellious practises,  
and quietly retire into the Camp,  
and there expect his pleasure.

*Gaf.* *Abraben* Caliph!

There is some hopes then, we shall gaine our pardons:  
Long live great *Abraben.* Souldiers, sink away,  
our vow is consummate.

*Car.* O my deare Lord!

*Tar.* Be gone.

*Of.* Yes, as quietly  
as if we were in flight before the foe;  
the general pardon at the coronation,  
will bring us off, I'me sure.

*Tar.* Alas, good Madam!

I'me sorrie that these miseries have falln  
with so much rigor on you; pray take comfort:  
your husband prosecuted with too much violence  
Prince *Abilqualir's* ruine.

*Car.* It appeared so!  
what worlds of woes have hapless I given life to,  
and yet survive them!

*Tar.* Do not with such furie  
torment your innocent self. I'me sure the Emperor  
*Abraben,* wil number 't'mongst his greatest sorrows,  
that he has lost your husband. I must give him  
notice of these proceedings. Best peace keep you,  
and settle your distractions.

*Car.* not until  
I'me settled in my peaceful urne. This is yet  
some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of woes,  
that do overwhelm me for the Princes death,  
that I reveng'd it safely; though I prize  
my life at no more value then a foolish  
ignorant Indian does a Diamond,  
which for a bead of Jet or glass, he changes:  
Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,  
more noble braverie, to take revenge  
for my Lord *Abilqualir's* timelesse slaughter.



I must use craft and myserie. Dissembling  
is held the natural qualitie of our Sex,  
nor wil't be hard to practice. This same *Abraham*,  
that by his brothers ruine weilds the Scepter,  
whether out of his innocence or malice,  
'twas that perswaded me to accuse him of  
my rape. The die is cast, I am resolv'd  
to thee my *Abilqualit* I wil come.  
A death for love, 's no death but Martyrdom.

*Exit*

ACTUS QUINTUS. Scenai.

*Enter Abilqualit, Selinthus, Gasselles, Osman,  
Souldiers, and Muts;*

*Abil.* NO more, good faithful Souldiers; thank the powers  
divine, has brought me back to you in safety;  
the traitorous practises against our life,  
and our deare fathers, poison'd by our brother;  
we have discoverd, and shall take just vengeance  
on the unnatural paricide: Retire  
into your tents, and peacefully expect  
the event of things, you *Osman* and *Gasselles*  
shall into th' Citie with me.

*Os.* We wil march  
through the world with thee, dear Sovereign,  
great *Abilqualit*.

*Abil. Selinthus,*  
give you our dear *Tarifa* speedie notice  
we are again among the living: pray him  
to let our loyal Subjects in the Citie,  
have sure intelligence of our escape;  
and dearest friends and fellowes, let not your  
too loud expressions of your joy, for our  
unlook'd for welfare, subject to discoverie  
our unexpected safety.

*Sel.* Never fear: they'r trustie Mirmidons, and wil stick close  
to you their dear *Achilles*; but my Lord,  
the wisest may imagine it were safer  
for you to rest here 'mong your armed legions,  
then to intrust your person in the City,  
whereas it seems by the pass'd storie, you'le  
not know friends from enemies.

*Abil*

*Abil. Selinthus,*

Thy honest care declares the zealous duty  
thou ow'st thy Sovereign: but what danger can  
assault us there, where there is none suspects  
we are alive? we'll go surveigh the state  
of things, i'th' morning we will seize the Palace,  
and then proclaim our Right. Come, valiant Captains,  
you shall be our companions.

*Gaf.* And we'll guard you  
safe, as you were encompass'd with an Army.

*Sel.* You guard your own fools heads: Is 't fit his safety,  
on which our lives and fortunes have dependance,  
should be expos'd unto your single valour?  
Pray once let your friends rule you; that you may  
rule them hereafter. Your good brother *Abraben*  
has a strong faction, it should seem i'th' Court:  
and those these Blood-hounds follow'd the sent hotly  
till they had worried *Mura*. He has other  
allies of no mean consequence; your Eunuch  
*Mesithes* his chief Favourite, and *Simanthus*.

*Abil.* It was that Villain that betray'd my Love  
to him and slaught'ed *Mura*.

*Sel.* Very likely.

An arranter, falser Parasite, never was  
cut like a Colt. Pray Sir, be wise this once,  
at my intreaties; and for ever after  
use your discretion as you please: these night works  
I do not like; yet e're the morning I will bring  
*Tarifa* to you.

*Abil.* You shall o're rule us. Poor *Carapin*, these  
thoughts are thy vor'ries; love thy active fire;  
flames out when present, absent in desire. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 2. Enter *Abraben*, *Simanthus* and *Mesithes*.

*Abr.* What State and Dignitie's like that of Scepters?  
With what an awful Majesty resembles it  
the Powers above? the inhabitants of that  
Superior world are not more subject  
to them, then these to us; they can but tremble  
when they do speak in thunder; at our frowns  
these shake like Lambs at lightning. Can it be  
impiety by any means to purchase  
this earthly Deity, Sovereignty, I did sleep  
this



this night with as secure and calme a peace,  
as in my former innocence. Conscience,  
thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th' fears  
of Cowardise, a sad and fond remembrance,  
which men should shun, as Elephants clear springs,  
lest they behold their own deformities,  
and start at their grim shadowes. Ha, *Mesithes*!

*Enter Mesithes.*

*Mes.* My Royal Lord!

*Abr.* Call me thy Friend, *Mesithes*,  
thou equally dost share our heart, best Eunuch;  
there is not in the stock of earthly blessings  
another I could wish to make my state  
completely fortunate, but one; and to  
atchieve possession of that blis, thy diligence  
must be the fortunate Instrument.

*Mes.* Be it dangerous  
as the affrights Sea men do fain in Tempests,  
I'll undertake it for my gracious Sovereign,  
and perish, but effect it,

*Abr.* No, there is  
not the least shew of peril in't; 'tis the want  
of fair *Caropia's* long covered beauties  
that doth afflict thy *Abraham*. Love, *Mesithes*,  
is a most stubborn Malady in a Lady, not cur'd  
with that felicity, that are other passions,  
and creeps upon us by those ambushes,  
that we perceive our selves sooner in love,  
then we can think upon the way of loving.  
The old flames break more brightly from th' ashes  
where they have long layn hid, like the young Phenix  
that from her spicie pile revives more glorious.  
Nor can I now extinguish't; it has pass'd  
the limits of my reason, and intend  
my wil, where like a fixt Star 't settles,  
never to be removed thence.

*Mes.* Cease your fears;  
I that could win her for your brother, who  
could not boast half your masculine Perfections,  
for you will vanquish her.

*Enter Simanthes.*

*Sim.* My Lord, the widow  
of slaughtered *Mura*, fair *Caropia* does  
humbly intreat access to your dread presence;  
Shall we permit her entrance?

*Abr.* With all freedom

and.

and best regard. *Mefithes*, this arrives  
beyond our wish. I'll trie my eloquence  
in my own cause; and if I fail, thou then  
shalt be my Advocate.

*Mef.* Your humblest vassal.

*Abr.* With-draw and leave us, and give strict order  
none approach our presence  
till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows

*Enter Car.*

should be survey'd by common eie. *Caropia*, welcom;  
and would we could as easily give thee comfort  
as we allow thee more then mod'rate pitie.  
In tears those eyes cast forth a greater lustre,  
then sparkling rocks of Diamonds inclos'd  
in swelling seas of Pearls.

*Car.* Your Majestie  
is pleas'd to wanton with my miseries,  
which truly you, if you have nature in you,  
ought to bear equall part in your deer brothers  
untimely losse, occasion'd by my falshood,  
and your improvident counsel: 'Tis that calls  
these hearty sorrows up, I am his Murtheresse.

*Abr.* 'Twas his own destinie, not our bad intentions  
took him away from earth; he was too heavenly,  
fit only for th' societie of Angels,  
'mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy perfections,  
celebrating with such eloquence thy beauties,  
that those immortal essences forget  
to love each other by intelligence,  
and doat on the Idea of thy Sweetnesse.

*Car.* These gentle blandishments, and his innocent carriage  
had I as much of malice as a Tigresse  
rob'd of her young, would melt me into meeknesse.  
But I'll not be a woman.

*Abr.* Sing out, Angel,  
and charm the world (were it at mortal difference)  
to peace with thine enchantments. What soft murmurs  
are those that steal through those pure rose organs,  
like aromatick west-winds, when they flie  
through fruitful mists of fragrant mornings dew,  
to get the Spring with child of flowers and spices?  
Disperse these clouds, that like the vail of night,  
with unbecoming darknesse shade thy beauties,  
and strike a new day from those orient eyes,  
to gild the world with brightnesse.

*Car.* Sir,



**Car.** Sir, these flatteries  
neither besit the ears of my true sorrows,  
nor yet the utterance of that real sadnesse  
should dwell in you. Are these the fun'ral rites  
you pay the memorie of your roiall Father,  
and much lamented Brother?

**Abr.** They were mortall,  
and to lament them, were to shew I envi'd  
th' immortal joyes of that true happinesse  
their glorious souls (disfranchis'd from their flesh)  
possesse to perpetuitie and fulnesse.  
Besides, (*Caropia*) I have other griefs  
more neer my heart, that circle't with a sicknesse  
will shortly number me among their fellowship,  
if speedier remedie be not apply'd  
to my most desp'rate maladie.

**Car.** I shall  
(if my hand fail not my determin'd courage)  
send you to their societie far sooner  
then you expect or covet. Why, great Sir,  
what grief, unlesse your sorrow for their losse,  
is't can afflict you, that command all blessings  
men wittie in ambition of excesse  
can wish, to please their fancies?

**Abr.** The want only  
of that which I've so long desir'd; thy love,  
thy love, *Caropia*, without which my Empire,  
and all the pleasures flowing from its greatnesse,  
will be but burdens, soul-tormenting troubles.  
There's not a beam shot from those grief drown'd Comets  
but (like the Sun's, when they break forth of showers)  
dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never  
doated before on thy divine perfections,  
viewing thy beautie thus adorn'd by sadnesse,  
my heart, though marble, actuated to softnesse,  
would burn like sacred incense, if self being  
the Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice.

**Car.** This is  
as unexpected, as unwelcome, Sir.  
Howere you're pleas'd to mock me and my griefs  
with these impertinent, unmeant discourtesies,  
I cannot have so prodigal a faith,  
to give them the least credit; and it is  
unkindly done, thus to deride my sorrows.

the virgin Turtles hate to joyn their pureness  
 with widow'd mates; my Lord, you are a Prince,  
 and such as much detest to utter falsehoods,  
 as Saints do perjuries: why should you strive then  
 to lay a bait to captivate my affections, when your  
 greatnesse conjoin'd with your youths masculine beauties,  
 are to a womans frailtie, strong temptations?  
 You know the storie too of my misfortunes,  
 that your dead brother, did with vicious loosenesse,  
 corrupt the chaste streams of my spotlesse vertues,  
 and left me soiled like a long pluck'd rose,  
 whose leaves dissever'd, have forgone their sweetnesse.

*Abr.* Thou hast not my *Caropia*, I shou to me  
 art for thy sent stil fragrant, and as precious  
 as the prime virgins of the Spring, the violets,  
 when they do first display their early beauties,  
 til all the winds in love, do grow contentious,  
 which from their lips should ravish the first kisses.  
*Caropia*, thinkst thou I should fear the Nuptials  
 of this great Empire, 'cause it was my brothers?  
 As I succeeded him in all his glories,  
 'tis fit I do succeed him in his love.  
 'Tis true, I know thy fame fel by his practise,  
 which had he liv'd, hee'd have restored by marriage,  
 by it repair'd thy injur'd honors ruines.

I'me bound to do it in religious conscience;  
 It is a debt his incens'd ghost would quarrel  
 me living for, should I not pay't with fulnesse.

*Car.* Of what frail temper is a womans weaknesse!  
 words writ in waters, have more lasting Essence,  
 then our determinations.

*Abr.* Come, I know, thou must be gentle, I perceive a combat  
 in thy soft heart, by th' intervening blushes  
 that strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,  
 and drive the lovely liverie of thy sorrows,  
 the Ivorie paleness, out of them. Think, *Caropia*,  
 with what a settled unrevolting truth  
 I have affected thee; with what heat, what pureness;  
 and when upon mature considerations,  
 I found I was unworthie to enjoy  
 a treasure of such excellent grace and goodnesse;  
 I did desist, smothering my love in anguish;  
 anguish! to which the soul of humane torments,



compar'd, were pains not easie, but delicious;  
yet still the secret flames of my affections,  
like hidden virtues in some bashful man,  
grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.

Thou wert created only for an Empresse;  
despise not then thy destinie, now greatnesse,  
love, Empire, and what ere may be held glorious,  
courts thy acceptance like obedient Vassals.

*Car.* I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts  
tel me, tis folly to refuse these profers:  
to put off my mortalitie, the pleasures  
of life, which like ful streams, do flow from greatnesse,  
to wander i'th' unpeopled air, to keep  
societie with ghastly apparitions,  
where's neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors  
breaths to delight our ears, and all this for  
the fame of a fell murtherer. I have blood  
enough already on my soul, more then  
my tears can e're wash off. My roial Lord,  
if you can be so merciful and gracious,  
to take a woman laden with afflictions,  
big with true sorrow, and religious penitence  
for her amiss, her life and after actions,  
shal studie to deserve your love. But surely  
this is not serious.

*Abr.* Not the vowes which votaries  
make to the powers above, can be more fraught  
with binding sanctitie.

This holy kiss

confirms our mutual vowes: never til now  
was I true Caliph of Arabia.

*Enter, Enter, Enter,*

*Abr.* Ha, what tumult's that!  
Be you all furies, and thou the great'st of devils,  
*Abraken* wil stand you all, unmov'd as mountains.

This good sword  
if you be air, shal disinchant you from  
your borrow'd figures.

*Abil.* No, ill-natur'd monster,  
we're all corporeal, and survive to take  
revenge on thy inhumane acts, at name  
of which, the bashful elements do shake  
as if they teem'd with prodigies. Dost not tremble  
at thy inhumane villaines?

*Dear Carpio,*  
Ha

quit

quit the infectious viper, lest his touch  
poison thee past recoverie.

*Abr.* No, she shall not ;  
nor you, until this body be one wound.  
Lay a rude hand upon me ! *Abilqualie*,  
how ere thou scapst my practises with life,  
I am not now to question ; we were both  
sons to one father, whom, for love of Empire,  
when I beleev'd thee strangled by those Muts,  
I sent to his eternal rest ; nor do I  
repent the fact yet, I have been tided *Caliph*  
a day, which is to my ambitious thoughts,  
honor enough to eternize my big name  
to all posteritie. I know thou art  
of valiant noble soul ; let not thy brother  
fal by ignoble hands, oppress'd by number ;  
draw thy bright weapon ; as thou art in Empire,  
thou art my rival in this Ladies love,  
whom I esteem above all joyes of life :  
for her and for this Monarchie, let's trie  
our strengths and fates : the impartial fates  
to him, who has the better cause, in justice  
must needs design the victorie.

*Abil.* In this offer,  
though it proceed from desperatenesse, not valor ;  
thou showst a masculine courage, and we wil not  
render our cause so abject as to doubt,  
but our just arme has strength to punish  
thy most unheard of treacheries.

*Tar.* But you shall not  
be so unjust to us and to your right,  
to try your causes most undoubted Justice,  
gainst the dispairing ruffian ; Souldiers put  
the Lady from him, and disarm him.

*Abil.* Stay !  
though he doth merit multitudes of death ;  
we would not murder his eternitie  
by sudden execution ; yeild your self,  
and we'll allow you libertie of life,  
til by repentance you have purg'd your sin ;  
and so if possible, redeem your soul  
from future punishment.

*Abr.* Pish, tel fools of souls,  
and those effeminate cowards that do dream



of those fantastick other worlds: there is  
not such a thing in nature; all the soul  
of man is resolution, which expires  
never from valiant men, till their last breath,  
and then with it like to a flame extinguisht  
for want of matter, 't dos not dy, but rather  
ceases to live. Injoy in peace your Empire,  
and as a legacy of *Abrahens* love,  
take this fair Lady to your Bride.

*stab her.*

*Abil.* Inhumane Butcher!  
has slain the Lady. Look up, best *Caropia*,  
run for our surgeons: I'll give half my Empire  
to save her precious life.

*Abr.* She has enough,  
or mine aym fail'd me, to procure her passage  
to the eternal dwellings: nor is this  
cruelty in me; I alone was worthy  
to have injoy'd her beauties. Make good haste  
*Caropia*, or my soul, if I have any,  
will hover for thee in the clouds. This was  
the fatal engine which betray'd our father  
to his untimely death, made by *Simanthos*  
for your use, *Abilqualir*: and who has this  
about him and would be a slave to your base mercy,  
deserved death more than by dayly tortures;  
and thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all.

*dies.*

*Tar.* Damn'd desperate villain.

*Abil.* O my dear *Caropia*,  
my Empire now will be unpleasing to me  
since I must lose thy company. This surgeon,  
where's this surgeon?

*Sel.* Drunk perhaps.

*Car.* 'Tis but needlesse,  
no humane help can save me: yet me thinks  
I feel a kind of pleasing ease in your  
imbraces. I should utter something,  
and I have strength enough, I hope, left yet  
to effect my purpose. In revenge for your  
suppos'd death, my lov'd Lord, I slew my husband,

*Abil.* I'me sorry thou hast that sin to charge thy soul with,  
'twas rumour'd by the souldiers.

*Sel.* Couzens mine, your necks are safe agen now.

*Car.* And came hither  
with an intent to have for your sake slain your brother

*Abreben,*

*Abraham*, had not his curtesie and winning carriage  
alter'd my resolution, with this poniard  
I'de struck him here about the heart. *Stabs Abil.*

*Abil.* O I am slain, *Caropia*,  
and by thy hand. Heavens, you are just, this is  
revenge for thy dear honor which I muredred,  
though thou wer't consenting to it.

*Car.* True, I was so,  
and not repent it yet, my sole ambition  
was to have liv'd an Empreffe, which since fate  
would not allow, I was resolv'd no woman  
after my selfe should ere enjoy that glory,  
you dear *Abilqualit*: which since my  
weak strength has serv'd me to performe, I dye  
willingly as an infant. O now I faint,  
life's death to those that keep it by constraint. *dye.*

*Tar.* My dear Lord,  
is there no hopes of life? must we be wretched?

*Abil.* Happier, my *Tarifa*, by my death:  
but yesterday I playd the part in jest  
which I now act in earnest. My *Tarifa*,  
the Empire's thine, I'me sure thou'lt rul't  
with justice, and make the subject happy. Thou hast a Son  
of hopefull growing vertues to succeed thee,  
commend me to him, and from me intreat him  
to shun the temptings of lascivious glances.

*Sel.* 'Las good Prince!  
hee dy indeed. I fear, he is so full  
of serious thoughts and Counsels.

*Abil.* For this slaughtred body,  
let it have decent burial with slain *Muras*,  
but let not *Abrahams* corps have so much honor  
to come ith' royal monument: lay mine  
by my dear fathers: for that trecherous Eunuch,  
and Lord *Simanthes*, use them as thy justice  
tells thee they have merited; for Lord *Selintus*,  
advance him (my *Tarifa*) he's of faithfull  
and well deserving vertues.

*Sel.* So I am,  
I thought t'would come to me anon:  
poor Prince, I e'ne could dy with him.

*Abil.* And for those souldiers, and those our most faithfull  
*Murs*, that my life once sav'd, let them be  
well rewarded; death and I are almost now



# Revenge for Honour.

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at unitie. Farewell.

dyes.

*Tar.* Sure I shall not  
survive these sorrows long. Muts, take those Traitors  
to prison; we will shortly passe their sentence,  
which shall be death inevitable. Take up  
that fatal instrument of poisonous mischief,  
and see it burn'd, *Gaselles*. Gentlemen,  
Fate has made us your King against our wishes.

*Sel.* Long live *Tarifa*, Caliph of *Arabia*.

*Tar.* We have no time now for your acclamations;  
these are black sorrows Festival. Bear off  
in state that royal Bodie; for the other,  
since twas his will, let them have burial,  
but in obscuritie. By this it may,  
as by an ev'dent rule be understood,  
they're onely truly great, wh' are truly good.

*Recorders*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Flourish.*

FINIS.

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## EPILOGUE.

**I**'M much displeas'd the Poet has made me  
The Epilogue to his sad Tragedie.  
Would I had dy'd honestly amongst the rest,  
Rather then live to th' last, now to be prest  
To death by your hard Censures. Pray you say,  
What is it you dislike so in this Play,  
That none applauds? Beleeve it, I should faint,  
Did not some smile, and keep me by constraint  
From the sad qualm. What pow'r is in your breath,  
That you can save alive, and doom to death,  
Even whom you please? thus are your judgments free,  
Most of the rest are slain, you may save me.  
But if death be the word, I pray bestow it  
Where it best fits. Hang up the Poet.